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AND POPULAR LITERATURE
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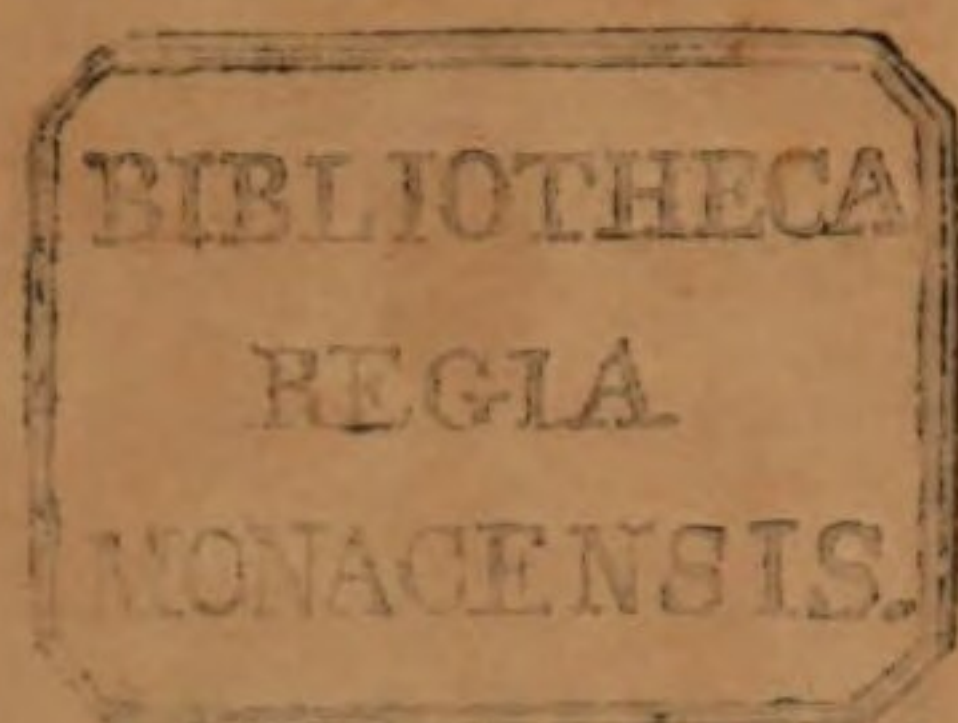
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EDITED BY THE REV. C. HARDWICK.

A POEM ON THE TIMES OF EDWARD II.

EDITED BY THE REV. C. HARDWICK.

THE POEMS OF WILLIAM DE SHOREHAM.

EDITED BY T. WRIGHT, ESQ.

THE TRIALL OF TREASURE.

EDITED BY J. O. HALLIWELL, ESQ.

AN
ANGLO-SAXON PASSION
OF
ST. GEORGE:

FROM A
MS. IN THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

EDITED, WITH A TRANSLATION, BY
THE REV. C. HARDWICK, M.A.,
FELLOW OF ST. CATHARINE'S HALL.

LONDON:

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P R E F A C E.

It has been affirmed in works of considerable reputation that the subject of the following 'Passion' was almost wholly unknown to our forefathers till the period of the Crusaders, when he is said to have interposed in behalf of the Christians during the expeditions of Richard I.

This statement is, however, untenable, as will be seen by referring to the notices of St. George, which belong to Anglo-Saxon history. The language of the present poem is of itself sufficient to convince us of his general recognition in England even before the Norman conquest. The MS. was perhaps executed somewhat later, but the author of it was none other than Ælfric, archbishop of York, who presided over that see between the years 1023 and 1051. This fact has been ascertained by collating the Cambridge MS. with a volume of 'Lives of Saints,' in the

Cotton library (Julius, E, vii), unquestionably the work of Ælfric, as we learn from the preface. He also informs us that he had already translated two volumes of the same kind, to meet the wishes of the English people, while this third was chiefly undertaken for the gratification of the monks. The pages which relate to St. George agree almost *literatim* with the text of the following Passion.

Nor is this the earliest vestige of St. George in Anglo-Saxon literature. We find him in a 'Martyrology' surviving in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge (No. cxcvi, p. 12), given, it would seem, by bishop Leofric to the Cathedral Church of Exeter, early in the eleventh century.¹ He

* I transcribe this Passion at length: "On þone þreo and twentigoðan dæg þæs monðes (Eostor-month *or* April) byð sancte Georius tyd þæs æðelan martyres, þone Datianus se casere seofen gear myd unasecgendlicum wytum hyne þreatode þat he Cryste wiðsoce; and he næfre hyne ofer-swyðan ne myhte. And þa æfter þam seofon gearum het he hyne beheafdian. Ði he þa wæs gelæd to þære beheafdunge þa com fyr of heofenum and forbærnde þone hæðenan casere and ealle þa þe myd hym ær tyntregdon þone halgan wer. And sancte Georius hym to Dryhtne

has also a place in the Anglo-Saxon 'Ritual of the Church of Durham,' published by the Surtees Society, and assignable to the beginning of the ninth century.* A still older channel by which

gebæd and þus cwæð, 'Hælend Cryst, onfoh mynum gaste; and ic þe bydde þat swa hwylc man swa myn gemynd on eorðan do, þonn afyrr fram þæs mannes huse ælce untrumnyse, ne hym feond ne sceððe ne hunger ne man-cwealm; and gif man mynne nama næmeð on ænigre frecednyse oððe on sæ oððe on oðrum syð sæte, þonne fylge se þynre myld-heortnyse'. Þa com stæfen of heofenum and cwæð, 'Cum þu geblotsode, and swa hwylc man swa on ænigre stowe and frecednyse mynne naman þurh þe cygð, ic hyne gehyre.' And syððan þyses halgan weres mihta wæron oft mycele gecyðed. Þa mæg on-gytan seðe ræðed sancte Arculfes boc, þat se man wæs stranglice gewytnod, seðe geunarode sancte Georius anlycnysse, and se wæs wyð hys feondum gescyld betweox mycelre frecednyse seðe hym þam anlycnysse to þyngunge gesohte." In p. 15, there is a commemoration of Alexandra, who is mentioned in some legends of St. George as the queen of Datianus.

* p. 52.—The prayer runs thus: God, ðv ðe vsig eadges Georg' ðrovres ðines earnvngv 7

the Anglo-Saxon Church might have become acquainted with St. George, is the Gregorian Sacramentary, once very generally used in our island. It is true, questions have been raised touching the genuineness of the 'Preface,' where St. George is commemorated by name; but other evidence is not wanting to prove that he was already known to Gregory the Great, and therefore to the Roman missionaries, who took part in the conversion of the Saxons. For among the letters of St. Gregory, there is one in which he gives orders for the repair of a church dedicated in honour of St. George.*

But all doubts as to his early introduction among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers are removed by the testimony of Adamnan, whose treatise 'de Situ Terræ Sanctæ' (ed. Ingolstadt, 1619) supplies the following curious information. It appears that Arculf, the early traveller, on his return to his bishopric in France, was carried by adverse winds to Iona (A.D. 701). At his own dictation, a narrative was made of his interesting pilgrimage; and among other particulars we are

ðingvnge gigladias, gilef rvmlice, þte ða ðe his vel-fremnis' ve givgað, gefe giselenisne gefes ve gifylga."

* Lib. ix, Indict. iv, ep. lxviii.

told (lib. iii, c. 4): "Aliam quoque de Georgio martyre certam relationem nobis S. Arculfus intimavit, quam expertis quibusdam satis idoneis narratoribus in Constantinopoli urbe indubitanter didicit." In proof of the sanctity of the martyr, he subjoins a most singular story touching a man who vowed his horse to St. George, as he was proceeding on some perilous expedition. Having returned in safety, he wished to commute the offering by the payment of a sum of money. Whereupon the saint showed his deep displeasure by causing the animal to become restive, when his rider had mounted for his departure; and after several ineffectual attempts, and the promise of some extra shillings, the vow was at length literally fulfilled by leaving the horse behind. The moral which this story inculcated on the Anglo-Saxons is then stated by Adamnan: "Hinc manifeste colligitur, quodcumque Domino consecratur, sive homo erit sive animal (juxta id quod in Levitico scriptum est) nullo modo posse redimi aut mutari."

From the same source Bede most probably derived the information contained in his Martyrology, for he was well acquainted both with the travels of Arculf* and the book of Adamnan,

* *Hist. Eccl.*, lib. v, c. 15-17.

which latter, indeed, he has epitomised. The notice at ix Kalend. Maii, is as follows: "Natale S. Georgii martyris, qui sub Datiano, rege Persarum potentissimo qui dominabatur super septuaginta reges, multis miraculis claruit, plurimosque convertit ad fidem Christi, simul et Alexandram uxorem ipsius Datiani usque ad martyrium confortavit. Ipse vero novissime decollatus martyrium explevit, quamvis *gesta passionis ejus inter apocryphas connumerentur scripturas.*"

This last clause will throw light upon the language at the opening of the Anglo-Saxon Passion. It is there stated that heretical accounts of St. George were not uncommon in the Western Church; and that the compiler of the present legend undertook it with the hope of preserving the faithful from all further imposition. In what the heresy of those legends consisted we are unable to ascertain precisely, for the first mention of them, which occurs in a catalogue of spurious writings drawn up at Rome in 495, does no more than enumerate one relating to St. George. It may however be conjectured, with considerable probability, that the ground of condemnation was an allusion respecting St. Athanasius, who appears to have been foisted into the narrative at a very early period. As in our own legend, he is made to play the part of a magician in aid of the tyrant

Datianus; and since his adversaries were in the habit of taxing him with sorcery, there is reason to suspect that the corruption of the legend is due to Arian malice. This at least has been the opinion of many writers who have investigated the story of St. George, including Baronius, Heylin, and the Bollandists. They also maintain, that the confusion of our saint with the Cappadocian George, who lived nearly a century later, has resulted from similar interpolations.* However this may be, it is clear that the author of the legend from which our Anglo-Saxon text has been derived, reproduced several of the Arian elements, notwithstanding his zeal to vindicate the saint from all heretical misconstructions. This feature of the Passion will be found not the least curious.

I may add, in conclusion, that the accompanying version claims no merit beyond that

* The main channel by which this corruption was perpetuated, seems to be a manuscript written in Lombardic characters, and referred to the seventh century. Baronius speaks of that legend of St. George as "*multis procul dubio repertam mendaciis*", and the Bollandists as "*non tantum fide sed etiam lectione indignissima*." They affirm, however, that the *basis* of the legend was historical, and that it was subsequently expurgated by collation with the purer accounts of the Eastern Church.

of a literal correctness, and that the few various readings are drawn from the Cotton MS. to which I have before alluded.

C. H.

St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge,

June 29, 1850.

PASSION OF ST. GEORGE

ANGLO-SAXON
PASSION OF ST. GEORGE.

* A copy of the Anglo-Saxon version of the Passion of St. George is preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It is written in Old English and is one of the earliest versions of the story. The text is in a single column and is written in a Gothic script. The parchment is aged and shows some staining. The text is written in a single column and is written in a Gothic script. The parchment is aged and shows some staining. The text is written in a single column and is written in a Gothic script. The parchment is aged and shows some staining.

PASSION OF ST. GEORGE.

GEDWOL-menn awriton
gedwyld on heora bocum.
be þam halgan were
þe is gehaten GEORIUS.*
Nu wylle we eow secgan
þat soð is be þam.
þat heora gedwyld ne derie†
digellice ænigum.
Se halga GEORIUS
wæs in hæðenum dagum
rice ealdormann.
under‡ þam reðam casere Datianus§.
on þære scire Capadocia.
þa het Datianus
þa hæþenan gegaderian.

* A corruption of *Georgius* very common in Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman MSS. Instances also occur in which *Georgius* has been confounded with *Gregorius*. † Derige.

‡ Under ðam reþam casere þe wæs Datianus geciged.

§ The Greek Acts generally read *Diocletianus*, of which

PASSION OF ST. GEORGE.

MISBELIEVERS have written
Misbelief in their books,
Touching the saint
That Georius hight.
Now will we teach you
What is true thereabout,
That heresy harm not
Any unwittingly.
The holy Georius
Was in heathenish days
A rich ealdorman,
Under the fierce Cæsar Datianus,
In the shire of Cappadocia.
Then bade Datianus
The heathen assemble

Datianus may be a corrupted form. Heylin has endeavoured to prove that the Datianus here mentioned was Galerius Maximinus, a native of *Dacia*.—*Hist. of St. George*, p. 169, seqq.

to his deofol-gyldum
 his Drihtne onteónan.
 and mid manegum þeowracum
 þat man-cyn geegsode.
 þat hi heora lác geoffrodon
 þam leasum godum mid him.
 þa geseah se halga wer
 þæra hæðenra gedwyld.
 hu hi þam deoflum onsægdon
 and heora Drihten forsawon.
 þa aspende he his feoh
 unforht on ælmyssum.
 hafenleasum mannum
 þam Hælende to lofe.
 and wearð þurh Crist gebyld
 and cwæð to þam casere.
 Omnes dii gentium [demonia*]
 Dominus autem cœlos fecit.
 Ealle þæra heþenra godas
 syndon gramlice deoflu.†
 and ure Drihten soðlice
 geworhte heofonas.
 þine godas casere
 syndon gyldene and sylfrene.
 stæ'ne and treowe.†
 getreowleasra manna hand-geweorc.

* Supplied from Cotton MS.

† deofla.

‡ stæne and treowene.

At his devil-offerings§
His Lord to blaspheme;
And with many threatenings
(So) frightened the people,
That they offered their gifts
To the false gods with him.
Then witnessed the saint
The heathens' delusion,
How they were worshipping devils,
And despising their Lord.
Then spent he his wealth
Cheerful in alms,
On shelterless men,
to the praise of the Saviour;
And, through Christ, waxed courageous,
And quoth to the Cæsar,
“*Omnes dii gentium dæmonia*
Dominus autem cælos fecit.||
, All the gods of the heathen
Are furious demons;
And our Lord, in sooth,
Fashioned the heavens.’
Thy gods, O Cæsar,
Are of gold and silver,
Of stone and of tree,
Of untrue men the hand-work;

§ *I.e.* idolatry.

|| Ps. xcv, 5, ed. Vulg.

and ge him weardas settað
 ðe hi bewaciað wið þeofas.
 hwæt ða Datianus
 deoflice geyrsode
 ongen þone halgan wer
 and het hine secgan.
 of hwilcere byrig he wære
 oððe hwæt his nama wære.
 þa andwyrde Georius
 þam arleasan and cwæð.
 Ic eom soðlice Cristen
 and ic Criste þeowie.*
 Georius ic eom gehaten
 and ic habbe ealdordom
 on minum gearde†
 þe is gehaten Capadocia.
 and me bet licað
 to forlætenne nu
 þysne hwilwendlican wurðmynt
 and þæs wuldorfyllan Godes.
 cyne-dome gehyrsumian
 on haligre drohtnunge.
 þa cwæð Datianus
 þu dwelast Georius.
 genealæc nu ærest
 and geoffra þine lác.
 þam unoferswipendum Apolline
 seðe soðlice mæg.

* þeowige.

† earde.

And ye station guards for them,
Who may them watch against thieves.”
Whereupon Datianus
Devilishly raged
Against the holy man,
And bade him declare
Of which borough he was,
Or what was his name?
Then answered Georius
The sinner, and quoth,
“I am, truly, a christian,
And to Christ am in thrall,
My name is Georius,
And I rank as an ealdorman
In my own province,
That is hight Cappadocia ;
And me it better liketh
To forfeit at once
This temporal honour,
And the glorious God’s
Empire to follow
In pureness of living.”
Then quoth Datianus,
“Thou art astray, O Georius,
Therefore come first
And offer thy gift
To unconquered Apollo,
Who doubtless is able

þinre nytennysse gemiltsian
 and to his man-rædene gebigan.
 Georius þa befran
 þone feóndlican Casere·
 hwáðer* is to lufigenne
 oþþe hwam lác to offrigenne·
 þam hælende Criste
 ealra worulda† alusend·‡
 oþþe Apolline
 ealra deofla ealdre.
 hwæt þa Datianus
 mid deofficum graman·
 het þone halgan wer
 on hengene ahebban·§
 and mid isenum clawum
 clifrian his líma·
 and on-tendan blasan||
 æt bam his sidan¶·
 and het hine þa siððan
 of þære ceástre alædan·
 and mid swinglum þreagan
 and mid sealtan* gnidan·
 ac se halga wer
 wunode ungederod.
 þa het se Casere
 hine on cweartern† don·

* hwæðer.

† woruldra.

‡ alysend.

§ ahæbban (which is probably the true reading).

Thy folly to pardon,
 And to his allegiance to bend."
 Georius then asked
 The fiend-like Cæsar,
 "Whether one should love,
 Or to which offer gifts,
 To the merciful Christ,
 Everlasting Redeemer,
 Or else to Apollo,
 Of all devils the chief?"
 Whereupon Datianus,
 With devilish fury,
 Gave order the saint
 In prison to hold,
 And with iron claws
 To harrow his limbs,
 And set torches on fire
 At both sides of him :
 And bade him thence forth
 From the city to lead,
 And with scourges chastise,
 And rub (him) with salt.
 Notwithstanding the saint
 Uninjured abode.
 Then ordered the Cæsar
 Him in prison to lay,

 || blysan.

* sealte.

¶ sidum.

† cwearterne.

and het geaxian ofer eall
sumne æltewne dry.
þa geaxode þat
Athanasius se dry'.
and com to þam Casere
and hine cafllice befran.
hwí héte ðu me feccan
þus foerlice to þe.
Datianus andwurde
Athanasius þus.
miht þu adwæscan
þæra Cristenra dry-cræft.
þa andwyrde se dry'
Datiane þus.
hat cuman to me
þone cristenan man.
and ic beo scyldig
gif ic his scín-cræft.
ne mæg mid ealle adwæscan
mid minum dry-cræfte.
þa fægnode Datianus
þat he funde swylcne dry'.
and het of cwearterne lædan
þone Godes cempan.
and cwæð to þam halgan
mid hételicum mode.
for ðe Geori
ic begeat þisne dry'.

And inquire above all
For some eminent mage.
Then news thereof heard
Athanasius, the mage,
And he came to the Cæsar,
And inquired of him quick,
“Why badest thou fetch me
Thus suddenly to thee?”
Datianus answered
Athanasius thus :
“Canst thou extinguish
The Christians’ magic ?”
Then answered the mage
To Datian thus :
“Bid come unto me
The Christian man,
And I am a sinner
If I his illusion
Do not quite extinguish
By means of my magic.”
Datianus was fain
That he found such a mage,
And bade lead from prison
The champion of God ;
And quoth to the saint
In vehement mood,
“For thy sake, Georius,
I have got me this mage :

ofer-swið his dry-craft
 oððe he ðe ofer-swyðe.
 oþþe he þe forde
 oððe þu fordo hine.
 Georius þa beheold
 þone hæþenan dry'.
 and cwæð þat he gesawe
 Cristes gife on him.
 Athanasius ða
 heardlice* genam.
 ænne micelne bollan
 mid bealuwe afulled.†
 and deoflan‡ betæhte
 þone drenc ealne.
 and sealde him drincan
 ac hit him ne derode.
 þa cwæð eft se dry'.
 gyt ic do an þing.
 and gif him þat ne derað
 ic buge to Criste.
 He genam ða ane cuppan
 mid cwealm-bærum drænce.
 and clypode swyðe
 to þam sweartum deoflum.
 and to þam fyrmestum deoflum
 and to þam full strangum.
 and on heora naman begól
 þone gramlican drenc.

* ardlice.

† afylled.

‡ deoflum.

O'ercome thou his magic,
Or let him o'ercome thee :
Either he do for thee,
Or thou do for him."
Then Georius beheld
The heathenish mage,
And quoth that he saw
Christ's favour on him.
Athanasius then
Hastily took
A bowl of great size
With torment full-filled,
And to devils devoted
The whole of the drink,
And gave him to drink ;
But it injured him not.
Then added the mage,
"I do one thing more,
And if that do not harm him
I bow unto Christ."
He then took a cup
Of death-bearing drink,
And earnestly called
On the swarthy devils,
And the foremost of devils,
And devils full strong ;
And in their name enchanted
The horrible drink.

sealde þa drincan
 þam Drihtnes halgan.
 ac him naht ne ðerode
 se deoflica wæ'ta.
 þa geseah se dry'
 þat he him derian ne mihte.
 and feoll to his fotum
 fuluhtes* biddende.
 and se halga Georius
 hine sona gefullode.
 hwæt ða Datianus
 deoflice wearð gram.
 and het geníman þone dry'.
 þe ðær gelyfde on God.
 and lædan of þære byrig
 and beheafdian sona.
 Eft on þam oþrum dæge
 het se arleasa Casere.
 gebindan Georium
 on anum bradum hweowle.
 and twa scearpe swurd
 settan him to-geanes.
 and twa up ateon
 and under-bæc sceofan.
 þa gebæd Georius
 hine bealdlice to Gode.
 Deus in adjutorium meum intende
 Domine ad adjuvandum me festina.

* fulluhtes.

Gave (it) then to drink
To the saint of the Lord;
But no wise it harmed him,
The devilish wet.
Then the mage ascertained
That he could not him harm,
And fell at his feet,
Imploring baptism;
And the holy Georius
Baptized him forthwith.
Whereupon Datianus
Waxed devilishly fierce, *Also Word*
And bade take the mage,
Who there trusted in God,
And lead (him) out of the borough,
And behead (him) forthwith.
On the following day
Bade the impious Cæsar
To fasten Georius
Upon a broad wheel,
And a pair of sharp swords
Against him to fix,
And so up to draw,
And backwards to shove.
Then Georius prayed
Him boldly to God,
Deus in adiutorium meum intende
Domine ad adjuvandum me festina.†

† Common ejaculations in the Offices of the western

þat is, God beseoh ðu.
 on minum fultume.
 Drihten efst þu*.
 me to fultumigenne.
 and he wearð gebroht
 mid þisum gebede on þam hwéowle.
 þa tyrndon þa hæþenan
 hételice þat hwéowol.
 ac hit sona to-bærst
 and beah to eorðan;
 and se halga wer
 wunode ungederod.
 Datianus þa
 dreorig wearð on mode.
 and swor þurh ða sunnan
 and þurh ealle his godas.
 þat he mid mislicum witum
 hine wolde fordon.
 þa cwæð se eadiga
 Georius him to.
 þine þeowracan
 synd hwilwendlice.
 ac ic ne forhtige
 for ðinum gebeote.
 ðu hæfest minne lichaman
 on ðinum anwealde.

church: see, for example, *Rituale Ecclesiae Dunelmensis*, p. 169, ed. Surtees Society.

That is, "Look thou, O God,
Upon my support,
Haste thee, O Lord,
To succour and save."
And he was brought
With this prayer to the wheel.
Then turned the heathen
Hotly the wheel,
But it soon burst asunder,
And bowed to the earth;
And the holy man
Continued unhurt.
Thereupon Datianus
Waxed dreary in mood,
And swore by the sun,
And by the whole of his gods,
That with divers torments
He would do him to death.
Then quoth the blessed
Georius to him,
"Thy comminations
Are but for a time,
But naught do I quail
Because of thy threats.
Thou holdest my body
Within thy dominion,

* þu nu.

† þa gebroht.

ac ðu næfst swa þeah
 mine sawle ac God.
 þa het se Casere
 his cwelleras feccan·
 æenne ærenne hwer
 and hine ealne afullan*·
 mid weallendum leade
 and lecgan Georium·
 innan þone hwer
 þa ða he hatost† wæs.
 þa ahof se halga
 to heofonum his eagan·
 his Drihten biddende
 and bealdlice cwaðende·
 ic gange in to ðe
 on mines Godes naman·
 and ic hopige on Drihten
 þat he me ungederodne·
 of þisum weallendum hwere
 wylle ahreddan·
 þam is lof and wuldor
 geond ealle worold.
 and he bletsode þat lead
 and læg him on-uppan·
 and þat lead wearð acolod
 ðurh Cristes‡ mihte·
 and Georius sæt
 gesund on þam hwere·

* afyllan.

† hattost.

* þurh Godes.

But my spirit nathless
Hast thou not, but God."
Then bade the Cæsar
His quellers to fetch
A brazen ewer,
And fill it all up
With boiling lead,
And lay Georius
Inside the ewer,
Where it was hottest.
Then lifted the saint
To heaven his eyes,
Beseeching his Lord,
And boldly declaring,
"I go unto thee,
In the name of my God,
And I hope in the Lord
That He me unharmed
From this boiling ewer
Will be pleased to deliver,
Whose is praise and glory,
World without end."
And he hallowed the lead,
And lay thereupon,
And the lead waxed cold,
Through the power of Christ;
And Georius sat
Unhurt in the ewer.

þa cwæð se Casere
 to þam Cristes þegene·
 nast ðu la Georius
 þat ure godas swincað mið þe·
 and gyt hí sund geþyldige
 þat hi ðe miltsian·
 nu lare ic ðe
 swa swa leofne sunu·
 þat ðu þæra lare cristenra*
 forlæte mid ealle·
 and to minum ræde
 hraðe gebuge.
 swa þat ðu offrige
 þam arwurðan Apolline.
 and þu miht micelne
 wurðmunt swa begytan.†
 þa se halga martir
 mid þam halgan Gaste afulled·
 smercode mid muðe
 and to þam mánfullan cwæð·
 ys gedafenað to offrienne
 þam undeadlicum Gode.
 æfter þysum bebead
 se ablenda Datianus·
 þat man his deadan godas
 deorwyrðlice frætewode·
 and þat deofles templ

* cristenra lare.

Then quoth the Cæsar
 To the liege-man of Christ,
 “Oh! know’st not, Georius,
 That our gods toil with thee,
 And yet are they patient
 That they may thee pardon.
 Then counsel I thee,
 As a son of my love,
 That the Christian lore
 Thou abandon entire,
 And to my advice
 Readily bow,
 So that thou worship
 The reverend Apollo,
 And thou many honours
 So may obtain.”
 Then the holy martyr,
 With the Holy Spirit full-filled,
 Smirked with his mouth,
 And to the impious one quoth,
 “Us becomes it to worship
 The undying God.”
 After this ordered
 The blind Datianus,
 That they his dead gods
 Should richly adorn,
 And the devil’s temple

†

and þu micelne wurðmunt
 miht swa begitan.

mid deorwurðum seolfre·
and het þyder lædan
þone geleaffullan martir·
wende þat he wolde
wurðian his godas·
and his lác geoffrian
þam lifleasum stanum.
hwæt þa Georius
to eorðan abeah.
þus biddende his Drihten
gebigdum cneowum·
gehyr nu God ælmihtig
þines þeowan bene·
and þas earman anlicnyssa
mid ealle fordo.
swa swa weax formylt
for hatan fyre·
þat men þe oncnawan
and on þe gelufon·
þat þu eart ana God
ælmihtig scyppend.
æfter þysum gebede
bærst ut of heofenum·
swiðe færlíc fur
and forbærnde þat templ·
and ealle þa godas
grundlunga suncon·
in to þære eorðan

With costliest silver,
And bade thither lead
The believing martyr.
[He] weened that he would
Worship his gods,
And offer his gift
To the lifeless stones.
Whereat Georius
Bowed him to earth,
Thus beseeching his Lord
On his bended knees :
“ Hear now, God Almighty,
Thy servant’s petition,
And these helpless images
Wholly destroy,
Like as wax melts away
Before the hot fire,
That men Thee acknowledge
And on Thee believe,
That Thou art one God,
Almighty Creator.”
After this prayer
Burst out from heaven
Instantaneous fire,
And burnt up the temple ;
And all the gods
Utterly sunk
Into the earth,

and ne æteowden næfre syþþan.
eac swilce þa sacerdas
suncon forð mid.
and sume þa hæþenan
þe ðær gehende stodon.
and Georius axode
þone arleasan Casere.
on hwilcum godum tihtst ðu
us to gelyfenne.
hu magon hi ahreddan
ðe fram fræcednyssum.
þonn hi ne mihton
hi sylfe ahreddan.
hwæt ða Datianus
gedihte þysne cwyde.
and het ðus acwellan
þone Godes cempan.
nimað þysne scyldigan
þe mid scin-cræfte to-wende.
ure arwurðan godas
mid ealle to duste.
and dragað hine neowelne
his neb to eorðan.
geond ealle þas streat
and stænene wegas.
and of-sleað hine
mid swurdes ecge.
þa tugun þa hæþenan

And have not appeared ever since:
So also the priests
Were wholly engulphed,
And some of the heathen
Who stood near the place.
And Georius asked
The impious Cæsar,
“On what gods allur’st thou
Us to believe?
How can they save
Thee from disasters,
When they are powerless
To deliver themselves?”
Whereupon Datianus
Drew up this command,
And bade thus to kill
The champion of God,
“Lead off this sinner,
Whose illusion upturned
Our adorable gods
Entirely to dust:
And drag him prostrate,
His face to the ground,
Over all these streets
And stony ways,
And destroy him quick
With the edge of the sword.”
Then drew the heathen

þone halgan wer·
swa Datianus het
oðþat hí comon·
to ðære cwealm-stowe
and se martir bæd
þat he hine gebidden moste·
to þam ælmihtigan Gode
and his gast betæcan·
he þancode þa Gode
ealre his godnyssa·
þat he hine gescylde
wið þone swicolan deofol·
and him sige forgeaf
þurh soðne geleafan·
he gebæd eac swylce
for eall Godes* folc·
and þat God forgeafe
þære eorðan renas·
forþan þe se hæþa
þá hynde ða eorðan·
æfter þysum gebede
he bletsode hine sylfne·
and bæd his slagan
þat he hine sloge·
mid þam ðe he acweald wæs
ða comon þyder sona·
his agene land-leoda†

* cristen.

The holy man,
As Datianus bade,
Until they came
To the place of death;
And the martyr begged
That he might him pray[†]
To the Almighty God,
And his spirit commend.
Then thanked he God
For His goodness all,
That He shielded him
From the treacherous devil,
And him victory granted
Through a sound belief.
He prayed likewise
For all God's folk,
And that God would grant
To the country rains
Inasmuch as the drought
Was then wasting the land.
After this prayer
He hallowed himself,
And ordered his slayer
That he would him slay.
Whereupon he was killed.
Then came thither soon
His own country-people,

† land-leode.

gelyfede* on God
 and gelæhton his lic
 and læddon to ðere byrig·
 þe he on-þrowode
 and hine ðær bebyrigdon·
 mið micelre arwyrðnysse
 þam ælmihtigan to lofe.
 þa asende Drihten
 sona ren-scuras·
 and þa eorðan gewæ'terode
 ðe æ'r wæs forburnen·
 swa swa Georius bæd
 ærðan þe he abuge to slege·
 hwæt þa Datianus
 wearð færllice of-slagen·
 mid heofonlice† fyre
 and his geferan samod·
 þa ða he hamwerd wæs
 mid his heah-ðegnum‡
 ac he becom to helle
 ærðan þe to huse·
 and se halga Geórius
 siðode to Criste·
 mid þam á wunað
 on wuldre. Amen.

* geleofede.

† heofonlicum.

‡ þegenum.

Believers in God,
And took up his corpse,
And conveyed to the borough,
Where he was martyred,
And buried him there
With manifold worship,
To the praise of the Almighty.
Then sent out the Lord
Rain-showers forthwith,
And watered the ground
That ere had been parched;
Like as Georius prayed
Ere that he bent him to death.
Whereupon Datianus
Was suddenly slain
By heaven-sent fire,
And his colleagues likewise,
While on his way home
With his notable thanes;
But he entered hell
Ere (he reached) his house.
And the holy Georius
Journeyed to Christ,
With whom he aye dwelleth
In glory. Amen.

Believer in God, and so
 And took up his abode
 And conveyed to the temple
 Where he was ministered
 And found him there
 With manifold wisdom
 To the praise of the Almighty
 Then went out the Lord
 Rain-shower forthwith
 And watered the ground
 That ere had been parched
 Like as George's garden
 For that he sent him to
 Whom the Patriarch
 Was suddenly called
 By heaven's voice
 And his colleagues
 While on his way
 With his goods
 But he entered
 For (he reached) his home
 And the holy family
 Journeyed to Christ's
 With whom he was
 In glory. Amen.

The Percy Society,

FOR THE

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AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

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REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

TO THE

TENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MEMBERS,

May 1st, 1850.

THE Council of the PERCY SOCIETY, in submitting the present Annual Report to the Members, feel satisfaction in congratulating them on the continued prosperity of the Society; for, although the limited funds at their disposal have not permitted them to carry out the objects for which the Society was founded as efficiently as they might desire, it is something that amidst the general depression under which nearly all the publication societies have suffered, the PERCY SOCIETY possesses its number of members undiminished, while its works continue to retain their value in the market.

The Council have much pleasure in informing the Members that the third and concluding volume of Mr. Wright's valuable edition of Chaucer will be

ready for delivery in the course of the present month, and will be considered as the issue for May 1st.

The Council have had under their consideration a proposal for printing the complete works of some of the best early English poets and dramatists whose writings have not yet appeared in a collective form, or been but imperfectly edited. They hope to present the members, before long, with the works of William Browne, author of the *Britannia's Pastorals*, including a third book of that celebrated work, from a manuscript that has not been seen by any of his editors.

The publications during the past year have been,

1. A Poem on the times of Edward II. From a manuscript preserved in the Library of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Edited by the Rev. C. Hardwick.
2. Fugitive Tracts and Chap Books. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S.
3. The Man in the Moone. From the Unique Copy, printed in 1609, preserved in the Bodleian Library. Edited by the same.
4. The Poems of William de Shoreham, vicar of Chart-Sutton, in Kent, in the Reign of Edward II. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., etc.
5. The Triall of Treasure. Reprinted from the black letter edition, by Thomas Purfoote, 1567. Edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S.
6. The use of Dice Play. A Manifest Detection of the most vyle and detestable use of Dice Play. Edited by the same.

The following works are preparing for publication, or have been suggested to the Council for that purpose.

1. The Works of William Browne, including a third book of the Britannia's Pastorals, from a manuscript hitherto inedited.
2. A Selection from the Roxburghe Ballads now in the British Museum. Edited by J. H. Dixon, Esq.
3. The Semi-Saxon Poem on St. George, from a manuscript at Cambridge. Edited, with a translation, by the Rev. C. Hardwick, of St. Catharine's Hall.
4. A Collection of Poems on the Assassination of the Duke of Buckingham. Edited by F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.
5. The Minor Poems of Drayton. To be edited by Bolton Corney, Esq.
6. The early poem of "John the Gardener," a metrical treatise on Domestic Gardening, in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries.
7. A Collection of Old Ballads, relating to the Processions of the Irish Trades.
8. A new edition of Lord Cork's "True Remembrances," with Notes by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.
9. The Poems of Hoccleve. To be edited by W. H. Black, Esq.
10. An Edition of Heywood's "Dialogue, contayning in effect the number of al the Proverbes in the English Tongue compact in a matter concerning two marriages."
11. A Collection of Ballads, in old French and English, relating to Cocayne. To be edited by T. Wright, Esq.
12. A Collection of Jacobite Ballads and Fragments, many of them hitherto unpublished. To be edited by William Jerdan, Esq., M.R.S.L.
13. A Collection of Charms, illustrative of English superstitions in former days. From early manuscripts.

14. "Rede me and be nott wrothe." A Satire on Cardinal Wolsey, by William Roy.
15. History of the Office of Poet Laureate in England, with Notices of the existance of similar offices in Italy and Germany. By James J. Scott, Esq.
16. Historical Ballads, in the Scottish Dialect, relating to events in the years 1570, 1571, and 1572; from the copies preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London. To be edited by David Laing, Esq., F.S.A. Sc.
17. A Continuation of the Collection of Ballads, by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

The Council may be allowed to repeat the invitation made in its former Reports to Members of the Society and others, to suggest new works for consideration. The Society is obliged to all gentlemen who may contribute rare tracts or ballads from private collections; as well as to the different Editors, by whose zeal and gratuitous labours they may be ushered into the world.

T. CROFTON CROKER, *Chairman.*

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of the temple at the present

greatest extent in which it is now situated in the city of Jerusalem. The temple was built by Solomon the king of Israel, and it was the most magnificent building of its kind in the world. It was destroyed by the Babylonians in 586 B.C., and it was rebuilt by the Jews in 520 B.C. It was again destroyed by the Romans in 70 A.D., and it has never been rebuilt since.

J. O. GALLIE

THE HISTORY OF THE

TEMPLE

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THE HISTORY OF THE TEMPLE

Year	Population	Area
1800	100,000	100,000
1810	120,000	120,000
1820	140,000	140,000
1830	160,000	160,000
1840	180,000	180,000
1850	200,000	200,000
1860	220,000	220,000
1870	240,000	240,000
1880	260,000	260,000
1890	280,000	280,000
1900	300,000	300,000

A POEM
ON
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MDCCCXLIX.

A POEM

BY

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P R E F A C E.

THIS curious relic of our earlier poetry is preserved at the end of a folio volume of Homilies, by Radulphus Acton, or Achedon, who flourished, according to Pits, about the year 1320. (*De Scriptoribus*, s. 474.) The volume was presented to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, by Thomas Beaufort, half-brother to King Henry IV, and afterwards Duke of Exeter; the use of it being reserved (as we gather from a note at the commencement) to one Mr. John Savage, "ad terminum vitæ suæ duntaxat." The donor was appointed Lord Chancellor of England in the year 1410, and died in the year 1425 (*Lord Campbell's Lives*, i. p. 316); by which dates we can approximate with sufficient accuracy to the time when the manuscript reached its present resting-place.

The hand-writing of the *Poem* belongs to the same period as that of the *Homilies*, and is possibly

the work of the same scribe. It may be assigned to the reign of Edward III, or perhaps of Edward II. This opinion, however, as to the execution of the manuscript, is quite independent of the age of the *Poem*; and since nothing has survived respecting the author, his date can only be ascertained by the internal evidence of language and historical intimations.

With respect to the language of the *Poem*, it will be found (speaking generally) to resemble the old English of *Piers Ploughman's Creed and Vision*, so that we shall not far misdate its composition, if on a *prima facie* view we consider it *not later* than 1350. On the contrary, it will appear to be still more ancient. For, first, it contains allusion to certain calamities very prevalent in England at the time of its publication. Thus in stanza 1 :

Why werre and wrake in londe
And manslaugt is y-come :
Why honger and derthe on erthe
The pour hath ouer-nome ;
Wy bestes beth i-storve
And why corne is so dere,
3e that wyl abyde,
Lystyn and 3e mow here.

And similarly in stanza 78 ; both which passages furnish proof that the country was then, or had been very recently, suffering from war, famine,

and a grievous murrain ; and that the price of corn was immoderately high. Now these various historical phases will, I think, be found to synchronize with that portion of the reign of Edward II, which is included between the years 1311-1320. The allusion to war and domestic divisions may be dismissed, by referring to the troubles connected with Piers Gaveston, and the unsuccessful expedition to Scotland. The other topics, which are of a less ordinary character, will be illustrated by the following extract from Stow's *Chronicle* :*

“The king, in a Parliament at London, gave the rod and office of marshall vnto Thomas of Brotherton, Earle of Norfolke, his brother. Hee also reuoked the provisions† before made for selling of victuals, and permitted all men to make the best of that they had ; neuerthelesse the dearth increased through the aboundance of raine that fell in harvest, so that a quarter of wheate, or of salt was solde before mid-sommer for thirty shillings, and after forty shillings. There followed [A.D. 1316] this famine a grievous mortality of

* Pp. 217, 218, Lond. 1632.

† These are probably the dietary provisions published in *Leland's Collectanea*, vi, 36, ed. Hearne. The date is 1315. A second visitation of the same kind is placed by Walsingham in the year 1319. Scotland and Ireland were equally afflicted. See *Carte*, ii, 337, 340.

people, so that the quick might unneath bury the dead. The beasts and cattall also, by the corrupt grasse whereof they fed, dyed, whereby it came to passe that the eating of flesh was suspected of all men; for flesh of beastes not corrupted was hard to finde. Horse-flesh was counted great delicates; the poor stole fatte dogges to eate. Some (as it was sayd), compelled through famine, in hidden places, did eate the flesh of their own children, and some stole others which they deuoured. Theeues that were in prisons did pluck in peeces those that were newly brought amongst them, and greedily devoured them, halfe aliue. A gallon of small ale was at twopence, of the better threepence, and the best fourpence."

Another allusion, of a character more specific, will place our Poem about the same period, *i.e.*, between 1311 and 1320. In stanza 35, the following lecture is read to the order of the Hospitallers:—

An other religion ther is
Of the Hospital;
They ben lords and sires
In contrey over al:
Ther is non of hem all
That ne awt to ben a-drad,
Whan thei bethenken
How the Templars have i-sped
For pride:

Forsothe catel cometh and goth
As wederis don in lyde.*

It will be observed that the poet is here moralizing on the suppression of the Knights Templars, and the transferring of their property to the Hospitalers. These changes had been effected at the council of Vienne, in the year 1311; so that a warning like the above, addressed to persons somewhat flushed by their recent good fortune, would be, on our hypothesis, both natural and pointed.

A further corroboration will be found in stanza 58, which refers to a general military conscription:

Whan the kyng into his werre
Wol haue stronge men,
Of ech toun to help hym at his werre
Fourten or ten:
The strong schul sytte a-doun
For x. shylynge other twelue
And send wreches to the kyng
That mow not help hem selue.

I believe no example of levying forces after this fashion has been recorded before the year 1316, nor have I met with any repetition of it for some time afterwards. In that year, however, we are told, "the great men, and knights of shires, granted the king one able-bodied footman, well

* *I.e.*, "property comes and goes as clouds do in March."

armed, out of every village, or hamlet, in the kingdom. Market-towns were to furnish more, in proportion to their bigness and ability to defray the expense of sending them to the general rendezvous, and of paying each man a groat a day for sixty days; upon the expiration of which term their wages were to be paid by the king, who declared, by his letters patent, that this should not be made a precedent, nor be drawn into a custom.”*

From these, and other incidental allusions, which it is not necessary to particularize, the poem before us may be fairly assigned to somewhere about the year 1320. It would thus precede *Piers Ploughman* by an interval of more than thirty years, and was (if I mistake not) one of the very earliest *satirical* poems composed in the English language.

It is well-known that this species of warfare had been long practised by our forefathers through the medium of the *Latin* language; and that many who on this side the channel imitated the gentler branches of Provençal poetry were not backward in copying its more caustic productions. In neither case, however, was the satire of a popular character; for besides the comparative obscurity of the language, it was nearly always disguised in

* Carte, ii, 339.

tropes and allegories. The exceptions, which are few, consisted of short English ballads, directed against some obnoxious individual, and differing in that respect from the poem before us, which is a broadside against whole orders. Indeed (as Warton* observes) the personalities of some of the above-mentioned ballads seem to have occasioned a statute against libels in 1275, entitled "Against slanderous reports, or tales to cause discord betwixt king and people". Probably, through dread of this statute, as well as of ecclesiastical censure, the allegorical species of satire is revived by the author of *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, who moreover substituted the alliterative style of the Anglo-Saxon period for the rhyme now beginning to be almost universal. Diverse from him in both these respects is the author of the poem before us. His versification† is in rhyme, with occasional examples of alliteration; neither does he confine his censures to any mere abstractions, such as pride, avarice, and simony,

* Vol. i, 45; ed. 1840.

† In the manuscript the stanzas appear in five long lines, each line divided by the metrical dot, or dash. The first four lines, by subdivision, produce eight lines, which rhyme in alternate pairs. At the end of the fourth long line is added a versicle, generally of two syllables, which (oddly enough) rhymes with the final syllable of the last line.

but proceeds to a direct attack on all states and conditions of men,—the pope, archbishops and bishops, archdeacons, parsons, priests, abbots, priors, monks, canons, friars (white, black, and grey), hospitalers, deans and chapters, physicians, knights, barons, squires, ministers of state, judges, sheriffs, advocates, attorneys, merchants, and in short, every body.* The tone of our author, though here and there pathetic, must be described as, on the whole, deeply lugubrious, and his matter, with only a few exceptions, one volley of unmitigated invective. All classes of society, he is persuaded, find their chief pleasure in victimizing the poor; and although we do not read that he stirred up any violent demonstration, I cannot help thinking that poems like his had great force in predisposing the populace for the Lollard doctrines, as well as in urging them to Jack Cade excesses.

Still it would be most unfair to argue as if the grievances of the people in that age were either few or trivial. The whole course of the reign of

* There is one exception to this sweeping condemnation, in the absence of all allusion to the pardoner, who in *Piers Ploughman* and in *Chaucer* is handled very roughly. I consider this silence a further proof of the early date of the poem. Indulgences were not sold, at least publicly, till A.D. 1313, so that we could scarcely expect to hear of their abuse so early as 1320.

Edward II was one of domestic deterioration and of external disgrace; the king, weak and capricious; the courtiers, lawless, unprincipled, and oppressive. Among the bishops and secular clergy there were too few of those

... Lele libbynge men
That Goddes lawe techen:

while, in very many cases, the licentiousness of the monastic and mendicant orders kept pace with their pride and rapacity. These latter were widespread evils, and had been gradually provoking a spirit of satire not only in England,* but in almost every corner of western Christendom.†

Again, we have abundant proof that when our poet was uttering his complaint in behalf of the poor and starving, the wealthier classes of the nation were revelling in ease and luxury. A curious picture of these habits is preserved in a dietary, or royal edict, bearing date 1315, and occasioned, most probably, by the famine to which we have before alluded. While all who had the means were faring sumptuously every day, the rest were literally abandoned to destitution, and hundreds, we know, shared the fate of the diseased

* See the *Latin Poems* attributed to Walter Mapes, and *Piers Ploughman*, *passim*.

† See a collection of kindred poems, *De corrupto Ecclesiæ Statu*, Basil. 1556, edited by Flacius Illyricus.

cattle, to which they were deemed hardly superior.

The last particular, which may be adduced in extenuation of our author's acrimony, has reference to the alleged corruption of the law-courts of that period. The lord chancellor was Robert de Baldock, who stands charged as one of the principal agents in bringing on the troubles of Edward II. "He seems," says Lord Campbell,* "to have been a very profligate man, and to have been unscrupulous in perverting the rules of justice, regardless of public opinion, and reckless as to the consequences." He was afterwards seized by the mob, and thrown into Newgate, where he died of his wounds.

On the whole, therefore, we must admit that there were numerous handles for satire; and if the specimen before us appears somewhat coarse and indiscriminate, it was probably the only kind of corrective which that age could have appreciated.

C. H.

St. Catharine's Hall, Cambridge,
18th April, 1849.

P.S. I should remark (what was unknown to me when I transcribed this poem) that an *imperfect* copy of it has been printed in Mr. Wright's *Collection of Political Songs*, from a manuscript

* See *Lives of the Chancellors*, i, 199.

in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh. The printed Poem agrees in the main with this one, not however without important variations of words, and even of lines and stanzas. From one or two circumstances I suspect that the Edinburgh manuscript was a sort of second edition corrected. Mr. Wright simply describes the fragment as very curious, and assigns it to the reign of Edward II. I regret that he was unacquainted with the Peter-House MS., for besides supplying many various readings, it would have enabled him to complete his text, and would thus have enhanced the value of his interesting publication.

A POEM
ON THE
TIMES OF EDWARD II.

1. WHY werre and wrake in londe
And manslaugt is y-come,
Why honger and derthe on erthe
The pour hath over-nome ;*
Wy bestes beth i-storvet†
And why corne is so dere,
3e that wyl abyde,
Lystyn and 3e mow here,
 With skyl;
Certes without lesyng,
Herken hit ho so wyl.

2. In hevene y-blessyd mut he be
That herkeneth here a stounde ;‡

* Overtaken.

† Dead; perished. (A. S.) See examples in *Halliwell's Dictionary*, p. 803.

‡ A moment, or short time. (A. S.) See numerous examples in *Halliwell's Dictionary*, p. 814. This stanza is not in the Edinburgh MS.

How plenteth and al myrthe,
 For pride is brout to ground ;
 How stedfastnesse and trewthe
 Yt* turned to trecherye,
 And all poure mennes sing,
 “ Alas ! for hunger I dye

Up ryzt :”

Y-hered† be the kyng of heven,
 Such is hys myzt !

3. God greteth al the peple wel,
 And doth hem to understonde,
 That ther nys‡ but falsnes
 And trecherye in londe.
 At the court of Rome,
 That trewth schuld begynne,
 Hym is forbode the paleys ;
 He dar not com ther-ynne

For dowte :

Thow the pope clepe§ hym,
 yet he schal stond ther-oute.

4. Alle the popes clerkes
 Have i-take to red,||
 Gif trewth com among hem,
 I-wys he schal be ded :
 Ther ne dare he nozt com
 For doute to be slayn

* Ys?

§ Invite.

† Glorified.

|| Have taken counsel.

‡ Is nought.

Withyn the popes paleys,
 3if he miȝt be sayn :*

For ferde
 3if symonye may mete hym,
 He wil smyte of his hede.†

5. Voys of clerk shal lytyl be herd
 At the court of Rome,
 Were he never so gode a clerk,
 Without selver and‡ he come :
 Thoȝ he were the holiest man,
 That ever ȝet was i-bore,
 But§ he bryng gold or sylver,
 Al hys while is for-lore||

And his thowȝt :
 Allas ! whi love thei that so mych
 That schal turne to nowgt?

6. So another ther aȝen
 That is an horlyng¶ and a shrewe,
 Let hym com to the court
 Hys nedes for to shewe,
 And bryng gold and selver
 And non other wedde,*

* Seen. † Berde? ‡ If.

§ Unless. || All his time is lost.

¶ An adulterer. (A. S.)

“And wende bi heom that is wiif,
 And hire *horeling* it were.”

MS. ap. *Halliwell's Dictionary*, p. 459.

* Pledge. (A. S.)

Be he never so mych a shrewe,
 Heys nedes schul be sped,
 Ful styll ;
 Covetyse and symonye
 Have all the world at wylle.

7. Erchebisshopes and byshopes,
 That schuld trewly enquire
 Of al men of holy cherche
 In what stat thei were,
 Some be foles hemself
 And ledeth a feble lyf ;
 Therfor dar thei nowȝt speke,
 Lest ther ryse a stryf
 Of clerkes ;
 Lest ych on bewrye other
 Of her feble werkes.

8. Certes [holy cherche*]
 Is mych i-browt a-doun,
 Syth [seynt Thomas] of Cantrebury
 Was smyt of the crown.
 [He was byshop] of ryȝt
 To governe holy cherche,
 These other be many lewed
 And feblech do the wyrche :
 I-wys
 That is i-sene in holy chyrch,
 Hyt fareth al amys.

* See note ad fin.

9. Every man hymself
 May ther-of take 3eme,*
 No man may serve
 Twey lordes to qweme :†
 Thei beth in offys with the kyng
 And gadereth gold an hepe,
 And the state of holy cherch
 Thei lat go lygge to slepe
 Ful styll :
 Al to many ther ben of such
 Nerer‡ Goddes wylle.
10. The erchedeknes that beth sworn
 To visite holy cherche,
 Anon thei welle begynne
 Febleche§ to wyrche.
 Thei wollethe take mede
 Of on and of other,
 And lete the personn have a wyf
 And his prest another
 At wille :
 Covetyse schal stoppen here mowth,
 And make hem ful stille.
11. Whan an old personn hys ded
 And his lyf agon,
 Than schal the patrone
 Have 3iftes anon :

* Notice; care.

† Were it not. (A. S.)

‡ Please. (A. S.)

§ Feebly.

Than wolle the 3ong clerk
 Bygynne for to wowe,*
 The patroun schal have 3iftes
 And presentes ynowe,
 And the byschoppe :
 Ther schal symonye wel sone
 Be take by the toppe.†

12. Covetyse upon hys hors
 Wolle sone be ther,
 And brynge the bischop silver
 And rown in hys 3here ;‡
 Alle the pour clerk
 For nowt thei schul wyrche,
 He that most bryngeth
 He shal have the chyrch
 I-wys :
 Thus the stat of holy chirch
 Is gyed§ al amys.

13. Whan the 3ong persoun
 Is stedyd|| in hys cherch,
 Anon he wolle bygynne
 Feblych to wyrch.
 Ne schal the corn in hys berne
 Be ete with no mows,

* Woo, or supplicate.

† Be taken by the head, a very common old proverbial phrase.

‡ Whisper in his ear. The phrase occurs in Shakespeare's
 Sonnets.

§ Ruled.

|| Stationed.

Hit schal be spended sykyrly
In a ful sory use,

If he may :

Hit schal be alle i-throsshen*

Ar† Christymasse day.

14. Wan he hath gadred to-geder
Markys and powndes,
He pricket‡ out on hys contré
With haukes and houndes
Into a strange contré,
And halt a wenche in cracche.§
A! wel is her that first may
Such a personn cacche

In londe.

Thus thei serveth the chapels,
And leteth the chyrch stonde.

15. He nymeth|| all that he may
And maketh the cherch pour,
And leteth¶ ther behynde hym
A thef and an hore,
A servand and a deye*
That ledeth a sory lyf :

* Thrashed. † Ere; before. ‡ Rode.

§ A crib, stall, or manger. Mr. Halliwell explains it, "a rack of any kind, a manger." || Taketh. ¶ Leaveth.

* A female servant who had the charge of the dairy, and all things pertaining to it. Chaucer has the word. Sometimes a maleservant who performed those duties was so called.—*Halliwell's Dictionary*, p. 301.

As homlych* the gon to bedde
 As god-man and hys wyf,
 With sorow,
 Ne schal ther pour man have ther gode
 At heve† ne at morow.

16. Wan he hath that sylver
 Of wolle and eke of lomb,
 He putteth in hys pawtener‡
 A kerchyf and a comb,
 A shewer,§ and a coyf
 To bynd with hys loks,
 And ratyl on the rowbyble||
 And in non other boks

 Ne moo ;
 Mawgrey¶ have the bysshop
 That lat hyt so goo.

17. Thei the bysshop hyt wyte
 And hit bename cowthe,*
 With a lytyl selver
 He may stop his mowth ;

* Homely.

† Evening.

‡ Purse, or bag. See several examples in *Halliwell's Dictionary*, p. 609.

§ Mirror. The Edinburgh MS., edited by Mr. Wright, reads *myrour*.

|| A small ribibe, or kind of fiddle. See *Halliwell's Dictionary*, p. 682, in V. *Ribible*. Mr. Wright erroneously prints it as two words. ¶ Misfortune. (A. N.) * Became public.

He medeth* the clerkes
 And sustyneth the wench,
 And lat the parysch far amys :
 The devyl hem a-drenche†
 For hys werkys !
 Sory may the fader be
 That ever mad hem clerkys.

18. ȝif the person have a prest
 That is of clene lyf,
 And a gode shryft-fader‡
 To maydyn and to wyf,
 Than schal an other putte hym out
 For a lytyl lasse,§
 That can not a ferthing worth,
 And nowȝt wel hys masse
 But ille.

Thus schul the persons shep
 For defaute spylle.¶

19. Certes also hyt fareth
 By a prest that is lewed¶
 As by a jay in a cage,
 That hymself hath beshrewed :*
 Gode Englysh he speketh
 But he not† never what.
 No more wot a lewed prest

* Bribes. † Drown. ‡ Confessor. § Less.
 ¶ Be destroyed. ¶ Unlearned. * Cursed. † Knows not.

Hys gospel wat he rat*
 By day ;
 Than is a lewed prest
 No better than a jay.

20. Eche man may wel wyte,
 By the gode rode !†
 Ther bethe many prestes,
 But not alle gode.
 That maketh gode men ofte
 To be in mych blame,
 For these nyse‡ prestes
 That playeth her nyse game
 By nyzt ;
 Thei goth with swerd and bokler
 As thei wolde fyt.

21. Abbots and priours
 Doth azenst the ryztis,
 Thei rydeth with hauks and hounds
 And contrefetith knyztis ;
 Thei schuld by-leve§ such pride
 And be relygious,
 And now is pryde lord and syre
 In eche house
 I-wys :
 Religion is nowzt i-loked,||
 Hit fareth al amys.

* Reads.

† Cross.

‡ Wanton.

§ Leave.

|| Regarded. (A. S.)

22. By that ilke* deth
 That I schal on dye,
 Ther nys† no relygion,
 That ther nys yn ennye.
 Pryde and envie
 Have tempreth‡ so here gle,
 That among men of religion
 Is non unyté

I-take :

Forsothe love and charité
 Is turned to woo and wrake.

23. Late come to an abbey
 Syx men other seven,
 And lat ther on aske gode
 For Godd love of heven,
 He schal stond theroute
 An-hungred and a-cold ;
 Schal no man do hys nede
 Nother 3ong ner old

For hys love,

That is kyng over all kyng,
 And setteth us al above.

24. Bot lat a boye com fro a lord,
 And bryng hym a letter,
 And do hys erand to the porter,
 And he schal spede the better :

* Same.

† Is not.

‡ Mingled; adulterated.

ȝif he is with any man
 That may do the abbot harme,
 He schal be led into the halle
 And be maked warme

Abowt mawe,*

And a Goddes man shal stond ther-owt ;
 Sory was that lawe.

25. Thus is God Almyȝty dryve
 Out of relygion,
 He ne mot noȝt among hem come
 In felde ne in ton ;
 His men beth unwelcome
 Both erlych and late,
 The porter hath comaundement
 To hold hem without the ȝate,

In the fen :

How myȝt thei love wel the Lord,
 That faryth so with hys men !

26. Mych sorow thei† suffre
 For our Lordes love ;
 Thei wereth sokkes in her schon†
 And felted botys above ;
 Wel thei beth i-fed
 With gode flesch and fysch,
 And if it ys gode mete

* Stomach.

† I.e., the monks.

‡ Their shoes.

The lete* lytyl in her disch

Of the beste :

Thus thei pyneth her bodyes

To hold Crystes hest !

27. Religion was i-maked
 Penance for to drye,†
 Now it is mych i-turned
 To pryde and glotonye.
 Wer schalt thu fynde
 Redder men on lerys‡
 Fayrer men other fatter
 Than monkes, chanouns, other freres
 In toun ?
 Forsothe ther nys non aysier lyf
 Than is religion.

28. Religion wot every day
 Redely what he schal don :
 He ne careth no skynnes thing§
 But for his mete at non.
 For clothes ne for hows hyre
 He ne careth nowt,
 But whan he cometh to the mete
 He maketh his wombe tow||
 Of the beste :
 And therafter he wol fonde¶
 For to cache hys reste.

* They leave.

† Bear; undergo.

‡ In complexion.

§ Not the least.

|| Stomach full.

¶ Seek.

29. Hafter mete the haf* a pyne
 That greveth hem ful sore :
 He wil drawe at a drawȝt
 A gode quart other more
 Of gode ale and strong
 Wel i-browen† of the beste,
 And sone therafter he wol fond
 For to each reste,
 ȝif he may.
 Thus thei pyneth her bodyes
 Bothe nyȝt and day !
30. Now beth ther other relygious,
 Menours and Jacobyn,
 Carmes,‡ and other freres
 I-found of seynt Austyn,
 That wol preche more
 For a buschel of whete
 Than brynge a sowle fro helle
 Out of grete hete
 In rest.
 Thus is covetyse lord
 Est and eke west.
31. Lete me come to a frer,
 And aske hym shryft,
 And come thu to another
 And bryng hym a ȝift,

* They have.

† Brewed.

‡ Carmelite friars. See *Halliwel's Dictionary*, p. 232.

Thou shalt into the fraytrye*
 And be made glad,
 And I schal stond without
 As a man that wer mad
 In sōrowe,
 And 3et schal myn erynd be undo
 For to† hyt be on the morow.

32. 3if a ryche man be seke
 And evel hym hath nome,
 Than wol the frere
 Al day theder come.
 3if hit is a pore man
 And lyth in myche care,
 Mych mysawntre‡ on that on
 That wol com thar
 Ful loth :
 Now mow 3e wel here
 How the game goth.

33. 3if the rych man deyth,
 That was of grete my3t,
 Than wol the freres al day
 For the cors f3t.
 Hyt is not al for the calf
 That the cow loweth,
 But it is for the gode gras
 That in the mede groweth,
 By my hod!

* Refectory.

† Until.

‡ Misadventure.

And that may eche man know
That can any god.

34. So ych mut broke* myn hed
Under myn hatte,
The frer wol do dirige
If the cors be fatte :
Be the fayth ic schal to God,
If the cors be lene,
He walketh abowt the cloystre
And halt his fet clene

In hows :

How mowe thei forsake
That thei ne be covetows.

35. An other religion ther is
Of the Hospital,
They ben lords and sires
In contrey over al ;
Ther is non of hem all
That ne awt to ben a-drad
Whan thei bethenken
How the Templers have i-sped
For pride :
Forsothe catel† cometh and goth
As wederis‡ don in lyde.§

* As sure as I wear?

† Clouds.

‡ Property.

§ March.

36. Official and denys
 That chapitres schuld holde,
 The schuld chaste men fro syne
 And thei make hem bolde.
 Make a present to the official
 Ther* thu thenkest to dwelle,
 Thu schalt have leve a twelf-moneth
 To serve the devel of hell

To qweme.

Forsoth, have thei the selvre,
 Of synne take thei no zeme.

37. 3if a man have a wyf
 And he love her nowt,
 Bryng hyr to the constery†
 Ther trewth schuld be wrowt,
 Bring twei fals wytnes with hym
 And hymself the thrydde,
 And he schal be deperted,‡
 As fair as he wold bydde,
 From his wyf :
 He schal be mayntend full wel
 To lede a sory lyf.

38. Whan he is deperted
 From hys trew spowse,
 Take his ney3tbores wyf
 And bryng her to howse,

* Where.

† Consistory. (A. N.)

‡ Divorced.

3if he have selver
 Among the clerks to sende,
 He may have hir to hys wyf
 To hys lifs ende

With onskyll :*

Thei that so fair with falsenes dele,†
 Gods cors on her bill.‡

39. 3ut ther is another craft
 That towcheth to clergye,—
 That beth thes fisisiens§
 That helpeth men to dye.
 He wol wag his uryñ
 In a vessel of glass,
 And swer by seynt Ion
 That he is seker than he was,
 And seye
 “ Dame, for defaw3t
 The god-man is i-sleye.”

40. Thus he wol affray
 All that ben therinne,
 And mak many lesyngs
 Sylver for to wyne:
 After that he wol begynne
 To confort that wyf,

* Wrongfully; with unskill.

† Separate.

‡ *Bill* of divorcement? or rather, *mouth* and *face*; cf. stanza 43,
 “ Gods cors on hys cheke,” and stanza 69, “ Fals in the *bille*.”

§ See note ^d.

And sey, " Dame, ley cost,*
And we schul save his lyf"—

And lye,
Thow he be never the wyser
Whether he wol lyve or dye.

41. Furst he wol begynne
To blere the wyfs eyze ;†
He wol aske half a pownd
To bygge with spiserye :‡
The eyzt shillyngs schul up
To wyn and to ale,
And bryng hem rotys and rynds
Bretful§ a male||

Of nowzt :
Hit schal be dere i-now a leke¶
Wan it is al i-browt.

42. He wol preise hit fast
And swere as he were wod,*
For the kyng of Ynglond
'The drynk is swet and god,
And gif the gode-man to drynke
A gode quantité,
And make hym wers than he was,

* Pay the fee.

† *I.e.*, to impose upon her. See examples in *Halliwell's Dictionary*, p. 185.

‡ *I.e.*, to buy spicery with.

§ Brimful.

|| Chest.

¶ See Richardson.

* Mad.

Evel mot he the*

The clerk ;

That so beryth away that selver

And falselich dothe hys werk.

43. He wol byd the wif sethe a caponn
 And a pese of bef ;
 The gode-man schal have never a mossel,†
 Be he never so lef.‡
 He wol pike hit hymself
 And make his mawe towte,
 And 3if the gode-man to drynk
 Lene broth that is now3t
 For the sek :
 That so bygileth the gode-man
 Godds cors on hys cheke.

44. He maketh hym al ny3t at ese
 As wel as he can,
 And loke that ha fare wel
 Hors and eke man :
 A-morow he taketh the uryne
 And waggeth in the sunne,
 And seyth, " Dame, blessed be God !
 Thi maystre is i-wonne
 And lyketh :§
 Thus he bereth away that selver
 And the gode-wyf biswyketh. ||

* Thrive.

† Morsel.

‡ Desirous.

§ Thriveth.

|| Cheateth.

45. Certes, and by my sowle,
This world is al beshrewed ;
Muche thei fare with falsenes
Bothe lered and lewed.
Of the lewed men
Now speketh the pope,
Whether I lye or I segge soth
Now zhe it schul grope,
That sothe
Falsenes cometh to eche feire
And piccheth first his bothe.*
46. The pope gret wel al lewed men,
William, Richard and Ion,
And doth hem to understonde
That trewth is ther non ;
And seyth that he wer worthi
To be hanged and drawe,
That hathe dryve trewth out of lond
Without proces of lawe :
Alas !
Certes whil treweth was in londe
A gode frend he was.
47. Treweth was over al redy]
For pore men to speke,
And now go pore men al a-doun
God hem mot a-wreke !

* Booth.

Pryde and covetise
 Gyveth over al jugement,
 And turneth lawes up and doun
 Therfor pore men be shent*

Al clene :

Ther is no rych man that dredeth God
 The worth of a bene.†

48. Thei that weldeth al the world
 In town and in feld,
 Erles and barowns
 And also knyts of shelde,
 All thei be i-swore
 To maynten holy cherch ryzt,
 And therfor was knyzt i-maked
 For holy cherch to fyt
 Sanz fayl ;
 And thei beth the first men
 That holy cherch wolde assaile.

49. Thei maketh werre and wrake
 In lond ther† schuld be pees ;
 Thei schuld to the Holy Lond
 To make ther a rees :§
 Thei schuld into the Holy Lond
 And preve ther her myzt,
 And help to wreke Jhesum Crist,

* Confounded. † A proverbial saying for anything worthless.
 See *Halliwell's Dictionary*, in v. *Bean*. ‡ Where. § Onslaught.

And than were he a knyzt
 With sheld :
 Now be they lyons in the halle
 And hares in the feld.

50. Knytes schuld were clothes
 I-schape in dewe manere,
 As his order wold aske
 As wel as schuld a frere :
 Now thei beth disgysed
 So diverselych i-dizt,
 That no man may knowe
 A mynstrel from a knyzt
 Wel ny :
 So is mekenes falt a-down
 And pride aryse an hye.

51. Thus is the order of knyzt
 A-turned up and down ;
 As wel wol a knyzt chide
 As eny scold in a toun ;
 Thei schuld be as hend*
 As any lady in londe,
 To speke al maner of fylth
 Ne nys ne knyzt fonde†
 For shame ;
 Thus is chyualrye a-cloyed‡
 And woxen fote-lame.

* Gentle; polished. † See *Halliwell's Dictionary*, under
wonde, which is probably the true reading. ‡ Debased.

And a longe berd,
 And swere by Godds sowle,
 And often vownen to God,
 “I byshrew hym for that, perdou,*
 Bothe hosed and shod,
 For his werke :”

For such othes God is wroth
 With lewed men and clerke.

55. Godds sowle schal be swore,
 The knyf schal stond a-strout,†
 Thow his botes be al-to-tore
 3at he wol make it stout :
 His hod schal hang on his brest
 Ri3t as a draveled lowt,
 Alas ! the sowle worthe‡ forlore
 For the body that is so prowde
 In felle ;§
 Forsothe he is deseyved
 He wenyth he dothe ful well.

56. A new entaile|| thei have i-fend
 That is now in eche toun ;
 The ray¶ is turned overthwart
 That was wont be up and doun ;
 Thei beth desgysed as turmentours
 I-come fro clerks pleye,

* Par Dieu! † Shall stick up. See a long account of this
 word in *Halliwell's Dictionary*, p. 102. ‡ Is. § Skin?

|| Cut, or fashion.

¶ Stripe in the cloth.

Thei beth beleved al with pryde*
And have cast norter† away

In a dicke :

Thei beth so desgised
Thei beth no man lych.

57. Mynystres under the king
That schuld meynnten ryzt,
Of the fair clere day

Thei maken darke nyzt :

Thei goth out of the hy-way,

Thei letten‡ for no sclandre,

Thei maketh the mote-hall§

At home in here chawmbre

With wrong ;

That schal pore men a-bygge||

Ever more among.

58. When the kyng into his werre

Wol have stronge men,

Of ech toun to help hym at his werre

Fourten or ten :

The stronge schul sytte a-doun

For x. shylynge other twelve

And send wrechcs to the kyng

That mow not help hemselfe

At nede :

* *I.e.*, are abandoned to pride.

† Nurture.

‡ Leave off.

§ Justice-hall.

|| Abide.

Thus is the kyng deseyved
And pore men shend for mede.*

59. Whan the kyng into his werre
Wol have a taxacion
To help hym at his nede
Of ech toun a portion :
Hit schal be to-tolled,†
Hit schal be to-twyzt,‡
Hit schal half-del§ be go
Into the develes flizt
Of helle :
Ther beth so many parteners
Ne dar no pore mon telle.¶

60. A man that hath an hundred pownd
Schal pay xij.pens round :
And so mych schal a pore man pay
That poverte hath browt to ground,
That hath an housful of chyldre
Sitting abowt the flete :¶
Cristis cors hab thei !
But* that be wel sette
And sworn,
The pore schal be i-pylt†
And the rych schal be forborn.

* Destroyed by bribery. † Levied in full, or divided out.
‡ Snatched away. § One-half. || Give information.
¶ Floor. * Unless. † Robbed. (A. S.)

61. WYST the kyng of Ynglond
 For god* he wold be wroth,
 How his pore men be i-pyled
 And how the selver goth :
 Hit is so to-tolled
 Bothe heder and theder,
 Hit is halfen-del i-stole
 Ar hit be brout togeder

And a-counted :

If a pore man speke a word
 He shal be foul a-frounted.†

62. Wold the kyng do after me
 That wold tech hym a skyl,‡
 That he ne schul never habbe wylle
 Pore men to pil :
 He ne schuld not seke his tresor so fer,
 He schuld fynd it ner,
 At justices and at shiryves,
 Corowners, and chancelers

No lesse :

This myzt fynd hym i-now
 And let the pore have pes.

63. Who that is in such offys
 Ne come he ner§ so pore,
 He fareth witin a while
 As he had selver in horde :||

* Doubtless.

† Rebuked.

‡ A reasonable plan.

§ Never.

|| Treasure. (A. S.)

Cf. *Halliwell's Dictionary*, in V.

Thei byen londs and ledes*
 Ne may ther nowt astonde.†
 Wat shul pore men be i-pild
 Wil‡ such be in londe
 Ful fele?§
 Thei pleyeth wit the kyngs selver
 And bredeth wode|| for wele.

64. Sotelych¶ for-sothe
 Thei don the kyngs hest ;
 Whan ech man hath his parte
 The kyngs hath the lest ;
 Eche man is abowt
 To fille his own pors,
 The kyng hath the lest
 And he hath al the cors
 Wit wrong :
 God send trewth into Ynglond !
 Trechery dureth to long.

65. Thei byggeth wit the kyngs selver
 Bothe londes and ledes,
 Hors as fair as the kyngs
 Save grete stedes ;
 This myȝt help the kyng
 And have hemself inow :

* Landed possessions. † Withstand. ‡ While.
 § Many. || Become mad (through prosperity).
 ¶ With subtlety.

Thei take thus wit a pore man,
 That hath but half, I trowe,
 A plow-land,
 Other of a wretched laborer
 That lyveth by hys hond.

66. Baylys and southbailys*
 Under the shireves
 Ever thei fondeth† wer
 Thei mow pore men to-greve :
 The pore men shul to London
 To somons and to syse,
 The rych wol sytte at home,
 Were‡ selver wol aryse

Anon :

Crist cors mut thei have !
 But§ that be wel i-don.

67. Courteous|| in the benche
 That stondeth at the barre
 Wol bygile the in thin hond
 Bot if¶ thu bewar :
 He wol take half a mark
 And do doun his hood,
 And speke a word for a pore man—
 And do hym lytil god,

I trowe :

Whan the gode-man gothe away
 He maketh hym a mowe.

* Sub-bailiffs.

† Seek.

‡ Where.

§ Unless.

|| Advocates.

¶ Unless.

68. Attorneis in contré
 Wynneth selfre for nowt ;
 Thei make men to bigynne ple*
 That never had it thowȝt :
 Wan thei cometh to the ryng
 Hoppe† if thei con ;
 All that thei wynne wit falsenes
 All that thei tell i-wonne
 Ful wel ;
 Ne tryst no man to much to hem,
 Thei beth fals by skyl.
69. Suche bethe men of this world,
 Fals in the bille.
 If eny man wolleth lyf
 In trewth and in skil,
 Let‡ his fals neyȝbours
 And sewe§ not the rowte,||
 He may ech day of his lyf
 Have grete dowte ;
 For why ?
 Thei schal al day be endited
 For manslauȝt and robbery.
70. Take the trewest man
 That ever in londe was,

* Law-suit.

† Dance; *i.e.*, they can *not* dance.

|| Follow.

§ *I.e.*, if he leave.

¶ Crowd.

Bred and ale is the derrer,
 And never the better schepe
 For al that ;
 Trechery is i-meyntend
 And trewth is al-to-sqwat.*

73. Somtyme wer marchants
 That trewly bout and sold,
 Now is thilk assise† i-broke
 And trewth is now‡t of told :‡
 Marchandis was wont
 Be hold up with trewth,
 Now it is turned to trechery
 And that is grete rewth
 To wete,
 How trechery shal be hald up,
 And trewth doun i-smete.

74. Ther nys wel ny no man
 That can any craft,
 That he nis a party
 Lose in the haft :§
 Falsnes is over
 Al the world i-sprong
 That nys wel ny no trewth
 In hond ne in tonge
 Ne in hert ;

* Quite prostrate. † The same rule. ‡ Accounted of.

§ The metaphor is borrowed from some manual implement out of repair: "in some degree loose in the haft."

Forsothe thei nyl sese*
Ar† God make hem to smert.

75. Ther was a game in Ynglond
That dured 3er and other,‡
Even upon the Moneday
Ech man beshrewed other.
So long dured the game
Among lered and lewed,
That thei nold§ never beleve||
Ar the world wer beschrewed,
I-wis :
Al that ever schal help man
All it fareth amys.

76. For the mych falsenes
That walketh in lond,
God almy3ty of heven
Hath bound nowt his bond,¶
And send wederyng on erthe,
Cold and unkynde,*
And 3et is ther non man
That to God taketh mynde
With ry3te ;
We be nothing aferd
Of Hys myche my3t.

* Will not cease.

† Till.

‡ I.e., two years.

§ Would not.

|| Leave off.

¶ Has abrogated his covenant.

* Unseasonable.

77. God is wroth with the world
 And that is wel i-sene,
 Al that was play and game
 Is turned to sorow and tene ;
 God shewed us plenté inow,
 Suffre whil we wold,
 Al maner of frute
 Groweng on molde

Ful thik,
 And ever azens God Almyȝty
 We beth alych wyk.*

78. Whan God Almyȝty seth
 The work is overthwart,†
 He sende his sond‡ into erthe
 And makethe us to smart ;
 Whan bestes beth i-storve
 And corne waxeth dere,
 And honger and pestilence in ech lond
 As ȝe mow ofte here

Over al ;—
 But if§ we amende us
 It wil wel wers befall.

EXPLICIT.

* Equally wicked.

† Perverse; wrong. *Halliwell's Dictionary*, p. 595.

‡ Message.

§ Unless.

NOTES.

^a The words included between brackets have been almost entirely erased ; probably in obedience to the proclamation of Henry VIII, who after declaring "Thomas, sometime archbishop of Canterbury, to have been guilty of contumacy, treason, and rebellion," commanded "his loving subjects to destroy all images and pictures of the pseudo-saint Thomas, and to erase his name and remembrance from all books, under pain of his majesty's indignation."

^b For a fuller delineation of a monastic gourmand, see *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, vol. i, p. 250, ed. Wright.

^c The Minors were the gray friars, or Franciscans ; the Jacobins, the black, or preaching friars, and were so called from their first establishment in Paris (see Fleury, *Hist. Eccl.*, liv. lxxviii, s. 5) ; the Carmes, or Carmelites, were the white friars, originally established at Mount Carmel ; the Austins were friars of the order of St. Augustine. They had all gained a footing in England about the year 1250. In the "Creed of Piers Ploughman" they are satirized at length.

^d Cf. *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, vol. i, p. 133 :

" For murthereris are many leches
Lord hem amende !
They do men deye through hir drynkes
Er destyne it wolde."

Sentiments not unlike the above had been uttered long before, by John of Salisbury.

^e Allusion is perhaps made to royal edicts and decisions of Parliament, whereby it was ordained that all persons who had a whole knight's fee, or fifty pounds a-year in land, should be admitted to the honour of knighthood. Instances of this practice occurred in the years 1312 and 1316. See *Carte*, ii, 325, 339.

^f The reference is to St. James of Compostella in *Galicia*, which was then a most famous resort of pilgrims :

" And til seint James be sought
There I shal assigne,
That no man go to Galis
But if he go for evere."

Piers Ploughman's Vision, vol. i, p. 72.

THE
RELIGIOUS POEMS
OF
WILLIAM DE SHOREHAM,
VICAR OF CHART - SUTTON, IN KENT,
IN THE REIGN OF EDWARD II.

PRESERVED IN A CONTEMPORARY MANUSCRIPT.

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

WILLIAM DE SHOREHAM is, as far as I know, a new name in the list of English writers. His poems are interesting in two points of view; they exhibit to us the popular doctrines of the age on subjects of religion, which alone were consigned to the vulgar tongue, and they present a good specimen of the English language as it was then spoken and written in the county of Kent. They seem to have been written by a zealous, and far from unlearned, preacher, for the purpose of enforcing the doctrines of the Church on the minds of those who were only capable of understanding them when offered in a popular form; and they offer most of the subjects of Christian doctrine which were then considered important. The first of these poems recounts and illustrates the

seven sacraments of the Catholic Church, and gives a very full description of its principal ceremonies and orders. The second is a rhyming version of some portion of the ceremonies. The third, on the ten commandments, and the fourth, on the seven sins, are short commentaries on Christian morality. The fifth is on the joys of the Virgin, a most popular subject in the middle ages. The sixth is a hymn on the Virgin, translated from Robert Grosteste. The seventh and last, in which the writer becomes at times quite philosophical, is a sort of dissertation on some of the mysteries of the Christian faith, but more especially on the doctrine of original sin.

Our information as to the author of these poems is derived from the colophons at the end of several of them, in which he is called William de Shoreham, and is stated to have been vicar of Chart near Leeds. In Thorpe's *Registrum Roffense*, p. 207, we have a charter of Walter archbishop of Canterbury, by which he impropriates the rectory of Chart-Sutton to the prior and convent of Leeds, upon which it became a vicarage, and we

learn that the first vicar admitted was William de Shoreham. The archbishop alluded to was Walter Raynolds, who held the see from 1313 to 1327. It is therefore probable that our Kentish poet, who was, no doubt, a native of Shoreham, near Otford (about four miles and a half from Seven-oaks), was originally a monk of the priory of Leeds, and he was made vicar of Chart-Sutton on the appropriation of that living to his convent by archbishop Walter. His poems may, therefore, be attributed to the reign of Edward II. It appears from one of the colophons (p. 116 of the present volume) that he was living under Walter's successor, archbishop Simon Mepham (1327-1333): and he, probably, occupied himself in the latter period of his life in collecting his poems into the very manuscript from which they are here printed, which appears to be of the beginning of the reign of Edward III. The manuscript was in private hands at the time my transcript was made; but I am not sure whether at present it be in a private, or public collection. I have every reason to believe my transcript to be a correct

one; but, unfortunately, while the present edition was passing through the press, it was not in my power to refer to the original, and to this circumstance, I trust that any errors that may have occurred in editing a text which presents many difficulties, will be attributed.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

24, *Sydney Street, Brompton.*

October 1849.

POEMS
OF
WILLIAM DE SHOREHAM.

*De septem sacramentis. De psalmo, Excercitatus sum
et defecit spiritus.*

SONDERLICHE his man astoned
In his owene mende,
Wanne he note never wannes he comthe,
Ne wider he schel wende ;
And more,
Thet al his lyf his here i-mengde
Withe sorwe and eke withe sore.

And wanne he deithe, ne mey me wite
Woder he cometh to wisse ;
Bote as a stocke ther lithe thet body,
Witethoute alle manere blisse ;
Wat thenkeste ?
And hondred wynter 3ef a levethe,
That his lyf mid the lengeste.

Onnethe creft eny that stat,
 Ac some crefteth that halve ;
 And for siknesse lechecreft,
 And for the goute sealive
 Me makethe ;
 For wanne man drawith into olde-ward,
 Wel ofte his bones aketh.

And be a man never so sprind,
 3ef he schel libbe to elde,
 Be him wel siker ther-to he schel,
 And his deythes dette 3elde,
 To gile ;
 3et meni 3onge man weneth longe leve,
 And leveth wel litle wyle.

Thos we beth al away-ward,
 That scholde her by-leve ;
 And 3et me seith y-demyd we bethe
 In Adam and ine Eve,
 Te telle ;
 Wa3t hope his here of savement,
 Now time his for to telle.

Me seithe the rizte wone3ynge
 Ine hevene hyt his to manne ;
 Ac hevene his hei3e, and we beth hevy,
 Howe scholde we thider thanne ?
 Bi leddre ?
 Howe mey that be ? wo dar ther-oppe stei3e,
 For dou3te of fotes bleddre ?

Than thy laddre nys nauȝt of wode
That may to hevene leste ;
Ac on ther his that Jacob i-seiȝe,
Ther he sleppe inne hys reste ;
Now schewe this :
This ilke laddre is charité,
The stales gode theawis.

Her-on Jhesus stawe uppe bi-fore,
Al for to teche ous steȝe ;
Nowe hyȝe, man, and ffolwȝe wel,
A-doun that thou ne syȝe,
By-weyled ;
For yf thou nelt nauȝt climme thos,
Of hevene thou hest y-fayled.

And that man lovye God and man,
Ase charité hyt hoteth,
That he so wel y-theawed be,
That alle men hit notethe ;
Wat thanne ?
ȝet senneles ne may he nauȝt be,
Ac a deythe and he not wanne.

Of brokele kende his that he deithe,
For hy ne moȝe nauȝt dury ;
And al dey he to senne falleth,
Her ne moȝe nauȝt pury
Of serewnessche.
ȝet hope thou wel, man, for al this,
That goȝde lyf wole the wessche.

For dethe ne falle nauȝt into wanhope,
 For God himself for the deide,
 The thridde day he aros aȝeyn
 Of the throuȝ ther men hine leyde ;
 Ine tokene
 That, man, thi body arise schel,
 Of deithe nammore to blokne.

The Bible seythe that mannys blodis
 Hys ryȝt ther saule giste ;
 And water wasscheth the felthe away,
 Ther me wesscheth by liste
 The onsounde ;
 To wesschen ous Cryst schedde his blod
 And water out of hys wonde.

Here-of spronge the sacremens
 Of holy chyrche digne ;
 And his to segge sacrament
 Of holy thyngne signe,
 For gode.

Hou myȝte fayrer signe be
 Thane of the water and blode ?

Than thorwe that blod thi soule his bouȝt
 Fram the fendes powere ;
 And thorwe that water i-wessche thart
 Of thyne sennes here.

 Nou loke,
 ȝoure Cristendom his tokene throf
 Of Criste that we toke.

For 3ef thou vangest thane cristendom,
And for than bi-left clene,
Thou schelt be marked to thet stode,
To wichen heven his y-mene ;
To sothe,
Wanne the bisschop bisschopeth the,
Tokene of marke he set to the.

Ac cristendom hys sacrement
Of so grete powere,
That hit thorwe-wasscheth thane man
Of senne in alle manere ;
And glorie
Hit scheppeth, 3ef man deythe,
And schilt fram purgatorie.

And for we beth of nonn power
To weryen ous fram schame,
Ther der no fend acombry ous,
Crist is mid ous to-sames
And neade ;
Tokene ther-of his Godes bodi
At cherche in forme of brede.

And 3et for man his so brotel
Ine his owene kende,
Tha3 he torni to senne a3en
Thorwe fondynge of the feende,
By chaunce,
That he may come to stat a3eyn
Thorwe bare repentaunce.

Her-of we habbeth tokene gode,
 Wanne we fangeth penaunce;
 For sennes that we habbeth i-done,
 To pyne allegaunce
 Ine fere,
 For ther we scholde hit under-go
 Sote we pinede hit here.

That man ne falle ine wanhope
 A-last withoute bote,
 Al that he heth i-senoged her
 With honden and with fozte,
 Wyth thoute,
 Mouthe, nase, and eyzen, and with sizt,
 Eliinge brengeth hit to nouzte.

3et some hethe suche devocioun,
 That hym thingthe he his al ydel,
 For to libbe commun lif,
 Bote 3ef he hedde a brydel;
 Wet thinge
 Of harder stat God graunteth
 Wel tokne throw3 his ordiinge.

3et that man mowe nauzt lecherie
 For-bere to donne in dede;
 3et ne schal he nauzt be for-lore,
 For God 3efthe hym to rede
 Spousynge;
 Tokene throf his the weddinge
 At cherche and bitere wyinge.

Cristendom, and bisschoppynge,
Penauns, and eke spousinge,
Godes body ine forme of bred,
Ordre, and aneliinge,
Thes sevene
Heth holi cherche sacremens,
That beth tokenen of hevene.

God wescht, and marketh,
And forʒefth, and joyneth men an wyves,
And frevereth thorwe his body man,
And grace sent, and lyves ;
ze, wanne ?
Wanne we taketh the sacremens,
Thar we seth hit thanne.

That we ne mowe hyt nauʒt i-se,
Ne forthe ine bodie inrede,
We sethe hit wel ine oure fey,
And fredeth hit at nede,
Wel ezathe,
God thorwe miracles ketheth hit
A-lyve and eke a-dethe.

And bote he thorwe hys sacramens
Ous thos bi-redde,
Ne scholde we of his grace wite
Wanne we hit toke and hadde,
To wisse ;
Ther-fore he that bi-lefeth hit nauʒt,
Riʒt wyt neth he of none blisse.

Al hit beth in these cherche sacremens,
 Thet tokeneth holi thynges,
 As hali water, and haly bred,
 Liȝt, and bel-ryngynges
 To leste ;
 And of alle other sacremens
 Thes sevene beth the greste.

De baptismo.

Cristendom his that sacrement
 That men her ferst fongeth ;
 Hit openeth ous to the hevene blisse
 That many man after longeth
 Wel sore ;
 For who that entreth ther,
 He his sauffe evere-more.

Nou ferst ich wille telle ȝou
 Wet may be the materie,
 Wer-inne cristninge may be mad,
 That bringeth ous so merie
 To honoure.
 Hiȝt moȝt be do ine kende water,
 And non other licour.

Ther-fore ine wine me ne may,
 Inne sithere, ne inne pereye,
 Ne ine thinge that nevere water nes,
 Thorȝ cristninge man may reneye,
 Ne inne ale ;
 For-thie hiȝt were water ferst,
 Of water neth hit tale.

Ne mede ne forthe no other licour
That chaungeth wateres kende,
Ne longeth nauȝt to cristendom,
Thaȝt some foles hit wende
For wete ;
For suich is kendeliche hot,
Thaȝt ther no feer hit ne hente.

Ac water is kendeliche cheld,
Thaȝ hit be warmd of fere ;
Ther-fore me mey cristni ther-inne,
In whaut time falthe a ȝere
Of yse ;
So mey me nauȝt in ewe ardaunt,
That neth no wateris wyse.

Also me may inne sealte se
Cristny wel mitte beste ;
And eke inne othere sealte watere,
Bote me in to moche keschte
Of sealte ;
For ȝef that water his kende lest,
That cristninge stant te-tealte.

Ac ȝyf ther were y-mengd licour
Other wid kende watere,
Ich woȝt wel thrinne to cristnye
Hit nere nefur the betere,
Ac wonde ;
For bote that water his kende have,
That cristnyng may nauȝt stonde.

In water ich wel the cristny her,
As Gode himself hyt dizte ;
For mide to wessche nis nothyng,
That man cometh to so lizte,
In londe ;
Nis non that habben hit ne may,
That habbe hit wile founde.

This bethe the wordes of cristninge
Bi thyse Englissche costes,
“ Ich cristin the in the Vader name,
And Sone, and Holy Gostes,
And more”.
Amen ! wane hit his i-sed ther-toe
Confermeth thet ther to-fore.

The wordes scholle be i-sed
Witheoute wane and eche ;
And onderstand hi more bi sed
In alle manere speche,
Ine lede ;
That everich man hi sigge more,
And cristny for nede.

Ac 3if man scholde i-cristnid be,
That neth none deathes signe,
The pope for te cristny hyne
So nere nau3t to digne
The leste ;
Ther-fore hi beth in cherche brou3t,
To cristny of the preste.

Ac he that 3if so large water
The fend fram ous to reave,
In nede for to crystny men,
3ef alle men i-leave,
At felle ;
Olepi me mot hym depe ine the water,
And eke the wordes telle.

And wanne hi cristneth ine the founzt,
The prestes so thries duppeth,
In the honour of the Trinité,
Ac gode 3eme kepeth
The ned ;
On time a clothe that water i-kest,
Ac ope the hevede to bede.

Ac water i-kest another love
Cristneth the man alyve,
Ac hit his sikerest in the heeved
Ther beth the wittes fyve,
Wel, brother,
Ne non ne may i-cristened be,
Ar 3e his boren of moder.

3et gret peryl hy undergothe
That cristneth twyes enne,
Other to 3eve asent ther-to,
Other for love of kenne
For-hedeth ;
Wanne child ari3t cristnyng heth,
And that other nau3t for-bedeth.

Bote hi this conne, hit his peril
 To thise medewyves ;
For ofte children scheawith quike,
 I-bore to schorte lyves,
 And deyeth ;
Bote he ariȝt i-cristned be,
 Fram hevene evere hi weyeth.

Ac ȝif that child i-cristned his
 Ac ine fot at me hit weveth,
Thise habbeth forme ther-of,
 A Latin that ham gevieth
 To depe ;
And ich schel seggen hit an Englisch,
 Nou ther-of neme ȝe kepe.

The prest taketh that ilke child
 In his honden by-thuixte,
And seith, "ich ne cristin thei nauȝt,
 ȝef thou ert i-cristned,
 Eftsone ;
Ac ȝyf thou nart ich cristin the ;"
 And deth that his to donne.

Ac ȝet ther beth cristnynges mo,
 Ac no man ne may diȝtti ;
For hi beth Godes grace self,
 Men of gode ine wil to riȝti,
 And wynne,
Wanne he wolde i-cristned be,
 And more mid none ginne.

That on his cleped cristninge of blode,
Wanne suche bledeth for Criste ;
That other of the Holi Gost,
That moze mid none liste
Be i-cristned ;
And deyeth so wanne hi beth deede,
In hevene hi beth i-gistned.

The children atte cherche dore
So beth y-primisined ;
And that hi beethe eke atte fount
Mid oylle and creyme alyned,
Al faylleth ;
Hizt wortheth cristnyng,
And that child ther-to hit availleth.

De confirmacione.

Confermyng his a sacrement,
And other that we foungeth ;
And wanne a man hit ondervangeth
Ine saule hit hine straungeth
Wel liztte.

For wanne a man y-maked his,
The stronger he his to fyzte.

And be thou siker that mannes lyf
Is rizt a knizthod ine londe ;
And so seythe Job, the holy man ;
Now wote we thanne stonde
To fizte ;

The feend, that flesche, and eke the wordle,
Azeins ous beth i-dizte.

The feend with prede acombreth ous,
With wrethe, and with envie ;
That fleische with slouthe and glotonie,
And eke with lecherie,
Thou wyse ;
The wordle, with here falȝse scheawinge,
Schent ous with coveytise.

Ac he that ine saule is strang,
That he with-stent hi alle,
And hardeliche hert othre men,
A-doun that hi ne falle,
Ac stonde ;
So his i-hert thorȝ confermynge of gode,
That for dethe nele nauȝt wonde.

Nou ich mot of this sacrement
ȝou telle the materie,
That maketh man so hardiliche
To stonde ane so merie
Ine goste,
That he ne may nauȝt y-weid be
With blanding ne with boste.

Hit his the oyle and baume y-menge,
I-blessed, and wile lestne ;
For oyle smereth thane champion
That me ne schel on him evel festne,
Ne presse ;
And baume his riche and tokened looȝ
Of thare holy prowesse.

A prince longeth for to do
The gode kniztes dobbynge ;
And so a prince of Godes ost
Schel do the confermynge,
None lozer ;
Therefore hit mot a bisschoppe be,
Nis non ther-to yn ozer.

That me wasche men over the fant
After confirmement,
Nis nauzt do bote for that honour
Of thilke sacrement,
Soe here ;
Ther-fore me wescht and kerfythane clout,
And berneth him in the fure.

The bisschop these wordes seth,
And beth wordes of selthe,
“Ich signi the with signe of croys,
And with the creme of hele
Confermi”.

Ine the foreheved the crouche a set,
Felthe of fendes to bermi.

In the foreheved he croucheth hine,
That hine be aschamed boutte ;
Bote for to bi-knowe Cristes name,
Withoute alle manere doute,
And with ginne,
Thorwe creymie anoynt straunge he bi-comthe,
His sauvement to winne.

Ac hou his hit ther bethe so fele
Confermed of mankenne,
And ther so feawe stondeth styf
To fyttē azenis senne
Maligne ?
For hi ne fongeth nouȝt that thing,
Bote the bare signe.

The signe his of the sacrement,
Mid creyme the markynge ;
Ac thing that ther bi-tokned his,
Strengthe his that God schel bringge
Amonge ;
Withoute god fey and god wil,
Mey non this thinge oundenfonge.

Ac nou that wil that is to gode
His al i-set bi-hinde ;
And thi bi-leave of Jhesu Crist
His nou al weverinde,
Undigne ;
Ther-fore ne habbeth that thing
Nauȝt bote the bare signe.

Ac thare children take that thinge
In hare chilhod so povre :
Hit leseth wanne hi cometh to wit,
Thourȝ hare misaventure
Of senne ;
Anon the foend fondeth hy so,
And he ne spareth nanne.

That deth that hi nastondeth nouȝt,

Ac eche othren aschrencheth ;

Ac ȝif hy mowe ȝet stonde bet,

Wanne hi ham bet bi-thenketh

To leve,

And do ham to devocioun,

ȝef God ham strengthe ȝive.

And thanne Gode that his so god

Anon hi stronge maketh,

As hi habbeth devocioun,

And hie God fey taketh,

Reversed ;

And al his thorȝ that sacrement,

Theiȝe hit ne be nauȝt rehersed.

For wanne we taketh this sacrement,

His soule prente taketh ;

And that hi nefer mo for-lest,

Nauȝt hi that God for-saketh,

Ac hine healdeth ;

Ine stat that sacrement ine man,

Wanne ȝe ine Gode by-aldeth.

And as thys ylke sacrement

Her thyng and toke hiis signe,

So habbeth the othere sacremens

Syxȝe that bethe so digne,

Crystnyng,

Her signe, droppynge in the water,

And thyng hiis for-ȝemyng.

Thys ylke sygne, and eke thys thyng,
Ine oure childhode we 3yt toke,
Ac afterward we lore that thyng,
Tho we to senne toke
By wylle ;
Amend we the prente lefth
Ine oure saule wel stille.

Hym selve no man hebbe schel
To the bischoppynge,
Ine tokne of febleste of hiis goste,
Another schel him brynge,
And lefte ;
Ase he ne mizte nau3t himself
To confermynge crefte.

Ac her ich segge aperteliche
Thys men and eke this wyves,
That hi ne hebbe hare o3e child
By hare quicke lyves,
And rede ;
For 3ef hy dothe man and hys wyfe,
Ther draweth God sibrede.

Of seve sacremens thre
Prente ine herte maketh ;
That beth cristnyng, and confermyng,
And ordre that men taketh
Wel blithe ;
That hy ne take hiis for no man,
Bote one-lepy sythe.

De sacramento altaris.

Nou hyzt by-valth to telle zou,
And so ich mozt wel nede,
Of Godes flesche and eke hys blode
At cherche ine forme of brede
And wyne ;
That frevereth ous in oure exil,
And lytheth oure pyne.

H3e blithe myzten hy be
That folwede Cryst in londe,
That myzte hyne eche day y-se,
Hiis swete love to fonde,
Ine keththe ;
So mowe we be for ous ner he,
Hy faylled never seththe.

For tho hiis tyme was y-come
No lenge to dwelle here,
That wete brede and honde he toke,
Ther he set atte soupere,
And seyde,
“Taketh and eteth, thys hiis my body,”
Of sothe he ham aneyde.

For-wy hyzt moste nedes be
Al sothe that he sede,
That alle thynghe his ase he seith,
Thys resoun wole the rede,
To dede,
He seyde to al the worlde be,
And al was ase he sede.

Nammore maystrye nys hiȝt to hym
To be ine bredes lyche,
Thane hym was ine the liche of man,
To kethen ous hiis ryche ;
Thet maketh
That hy beth alle mis-by-leved,
That other throf for-saketh.

The fend hymself him maky mey
Wel dyverse liknynges,
Of best, of men, and of wymmen,
And mani other thynges,
To nusy ;
Wel bet may Gode to oure prou
Dyverse formes usy.

Tho that the bred y-tourned was
Into hys body sylve,
He toke the coppe, with the wyne and water,
And seide eft to the twelve
Y-vere,

“ Taketh and drynketh everechon
Of this chalice here.

“ Thys hys my chalis of my blode
Of testament nywe,
That schal be schad for manye men,
And ase we seyȝeth gode and trewe
And kende ;
And doth ȝe thos wanne ȝe hyt dothe,
Doth hyt in ȝoure mende.”

Tho that he sede, "doth 3e thos,"

The hey3e kynge of hevene,

He 3af ham power to don hyt,

And forth power to 3evene,

Wel werthe,

That he ne toke Judas out,

The worste man on erthe.

And that power hys y-3ive

Fram bysschoppe to preste,

And so schel al so longe be,

Ase cristyndom schel leste,

Y-mete ;

Seththe Crist four ous an orthe come,

He nolde ous nau3t for-lete.

Tha3 he her were inne, hys manhode

Amanges ous to flotie,

3et nere he nau3t thanne ous so ne3,

Ase nou we mowe hym notye

In Gode ;

We honorieth hyne al i-holliche

Ine flesche and eke ine blode.

Wat may amounti that he wyle

So by-come oure fode,

Chaungeth he nau3t ase othere mote

Into oure flesche and blode,

By kende ?

Nay, ac he chaungeth ous in hym,

To maky ous gode and hende.

And ase Gode there his hole men mete,
And sike hyt by-swiketh,
So his the mete dampnacion
To hem that senne liketh
To holde ;
So he hyt tok and his lore,
Judas, that Jhesus solde.

Ther-fore ich segge a Godes half
To alle crystyne folke,
That wanne hy scholle y-houseled be,
That hy ne be abolke
In prede ;
Let ounde and wrethe and coveytynge,
Sleuthe and lestes on lede.

Nys none of wymman beter i-bore
To seint Johan the Baptyste,
And 3et he quakede wel ar3
Tho he touchede Crist
In the flomme ;
Thanne au3te we wel ary3t to be,
To fange hym on tromme.

Ther-fore 3ef that 3e fredeth 3ou,
That he ne be nau3t digne
For te be housled wyth thys body
Ine this thre holy signe,
Wyth-draweth ;
For wo that hy3t taketh ondygneliche,
Hys jugement he gnazeth.

May som man segge, hou schal me so
Fram ther houslynge dwelle,
Wanne God self aperteliche
Seith ous in the Gospelle,
Wel to mende,
“ Who that eteth my flesch and drynketh my blod,
Heth lyf withoute ende.”

That thou take hyzt wyth the mouthe,
Ne myd teth ther-on ne werche,
Thou takest hyt, man, 3ef that thou art
A lyme of holy cherche,
To blysse,
Wanne eny prest his messe syngeth,
I-lief hyt myd y-wysse.

For on hys Godes flesch to nemme,
Ase mouthe the mete taketh,
Another ase the mete y-3ete
Into the membres taketh ;
Ac here,
Cryst hys that heved, the prest the mouthe,
The lymes that folke i-vere.

And ase the bred to-gadere comthe
Of menye greynys to-bake,
And ase the wyne to-gadere flouthe
Of manye greyns y-take,
I-lyke,
Cryst and hiis membrys, men,
O body bethe ine mystyke.

Wet hys mystyke ne mey non wete
Be nothyng a-founde,
Bote wanne ther hys o thyng y-ked,
Another to onderstonde
Ther-inne ;

Hy that aredeth thyse redeles,
Wercheth by thilke gynne.

So wane that body hym hys ked
Of swete Jhesu Cryst,
Me may wel onderstonde ther,
By thulke selve lyste,
An other ;

Cryst and eke alle holy men
Beth o body, my leve brother.

Ther-fore guod beth this sacrement
Y-mad of suiche thynges,
That myzte of manye make on,
As Cryst and hys derlynges
I-monge ;

Thenne scholde hy at one be,
In love that scholde hyt fonge.

Nou onderstand the signe her
Fourme hys of wyne and brede ;
Noble hys that thyng, ryzt Cristes body,
And body of quike and dede ;
Ac, brother,
zet ryzte body thaȝ hyt be thyng,
Hyzt hys signe of that other.

Vor ase the ryȝte bodyes lemes
Habbeth dyverse wyke,
So habbeth ryȝt membrys eke
Of the body ine mystyke,
That weldeth ;
Hys honden men beth that wel doth,
The fet that wel op-heldeth.

Alle taketh that ryȝt body
Thyse men at hare houslynge ;
Ac some to prou, and some to lere,
Ine wyl of senezynge,
To derye ;
Ac one Gode aryȝt hyt nometh,
That body ine hys mysterye.

Ac thaȝ we be tokned ther
Ine oure Sauveoure,
Ne lef thou nauȝt the we be ther,
Ne forthe nauȝt of oure
That were ;
Thaȝ ther be tokned thynges two,
Ther nys bot o thyng there.

And that hys swete Jhesu Cryst
Ine flesche and eke ine bloude,
That tholede pyne and passyoun,
And diath opene the roude,
Wel soure ;
Ne lef non other Cryste, man,
For safour ne coloure.

For that colour, ne that savour,
Ne beth nauȝt ther-inne Cryste,
Thaȝ he ther-inne schewe hym,
By hys myȝtefolle lyste,
So couthe ;
Ne myȝte elles bet be seȝe,
Ne beter yuȝred inne mouthe.

For ȝef he schewed hym in flesche,
Other ine bloody thyng,
Hydous hyȝt were to the syȝte,
And to the cast wlatynge,
And pyne ;
Thanne hys hyt betere in fourme of brede,
And eke in forme of wyne.

For bred strengeth the herte of man,
And wyn hys herte gledeth ;
And strengthe longeth the body,
And blice the saule fedeth,
And nede ;
Ther-fore hys double sacrament,
Of wyne and eke of brede.

For he y-brout heth oure body,
Into os he let hys sinke ;
And vor the saule ine the blod,
Hys blod he let os drynke ;
Nou wost,
Wyther hys double sacrament,
For note of body and gost.

Ac wen nauȝt that Cryst be to-schyft,
Thaȝ he scheweth ine bothe,
To wene hys body wythoute blod,
By tha weye ne gothe,
To thryfte ;
For ther he hys, he hys al y-hol,
Ne mey ine hym to-schifte.

Theȝ ther te breke aȝe ine the mouth,
Other ine thyne honden,
Hyt nas nauȝt he that hys to-broke,
Ensample thou myȝt fonden
To slyfte ;
In a myrour thou myȝt fol wel thi-selve se,
Bote nauȝt the ymage schefte.

By thyse ensample thou myȝt y-se
He hys ine echautere ;
Y-hol the prest hys messe syngeth,
Theȝ he ne be nauȝt y-here,
Ac wykke,
Ase ther beth foles swiche fele
Y-sawe al to thykke.

Ac thaȝ the prest hys messe do
Inne dedleche senne corse
Thet sacrement, man, be thou syker,
For hym nys nase worse ;
For loke,
The sacrement nys nathe wors,
Thaȝ that Judas hyt toke.

Ac thaȝ hyt be never the wors
That sacrement an honde,
The bone that swych prest ther byȝt
No stel ne schel hym stonde,
Ac derye ;
For he despyseth Jhesu Cryst,
Wanne he hym scholde herye

And ȝyf thou wylt tak hyt to prou,
For the and thyne freende,
Ryȝt repentaunt and ryȝt devout
Take hys death in thy meende,
Naut lyȝt ;
The more thou thenkest so on hys death,
The more hys thy meryte.

Manne, wanne thyt takest ase other mete,
Into thy wombe hyȝt sedlyth ;
Ac ne defith nauȝt ase thy mete,
Wyth thyne flesch medlyth,
Ac kevereth
Al other wyse, and so thy body
And thy saule hyȝt frevereth.

Nabyd hyȝt nauȝt ase other mete
Hys tyme of defyynge ;
And ryȝt anon hyȝt frevereth
In thare oundervanginge,
Destresse,
Of syke men, thaȝ hy hyt keste of,
Ne helpeth hyt nauȝt the lasse.

For yf the syke man hys gode
In the leve of holy cherche,
Theȝ he hyȝt cast op, hyt bylefth
Sauvacion to werche,
Ryȝt there ;
For al at ones he mey be god,
Ther and elles-were.

He soffreth wel to be kest op,
And ȝet to be honoured ;
Ac he soffreth noȝt to be to-trede,
And of bestes devoured,
And neade ;
Ase he by-leve assayth in flesche,
He assayth ine forme of brede.

That body hyȝt hys naȝt that ther comthe op,
ȝef that a man hyȝt keste ;
For al so longe hyt hys that body,
Ase forme of brede schel leste
Ine manne ;
ȝet thaȝ the fourme of brede to-go,
That body by-lefth hȝet thanne.

And ȝyf he passeth nauȝt fram ous,
Wanne wey aryȝtt hym healdeth,
That vod hys for to take hym efte,
Ther wyle he ous so wealdeth,
For mende
Of hys dethe and hys passyon,
Ase he heth hit atte hys ende.

Of pure wete hyt mot be,
And eke of pure wyne,
Thet schel be to thys sacrement
Ryzt of the grape of wyne
I-lete ;

For Jesus seyth the vygne be hys,
And eke the greyn of wete.

And 3ef mannes devocioun slaketh,
Wanne he by-healdeth,
For hyt thinkth bote other bread
An-hea3 that the prest healdeth ;
By-thenche hym
Of the vertue that ther hys,
That non errour adrenche hym.

And tak ensaumple of that he kneuth,
The precieuse stone,
Tha3 he lygge amange othere y-lyche,
Me honoureth hym alone,
So swete ;

Mid al thy wyl ther vertue hys,
God self ine sacrement y-mete.

Namore ne greveth hyt Jhesus,
Thane sonne i-trede in felthe,
Tha3 eny best devoured hyt,
Other eny other onselthe,
Ech screade ;

3et al so longe hys Godes body,
Ase lest the fourme of breade.

And al so longe hyt hys blod,
 Ase lest the forme of wyne ;
Nauzt of fynegre kende chald,
 Ne offe water droppynge of wyne ;
 Ac trye,
So lyte water schel be me[n]gd,
That wyne habbe the maystrye.

For water self nys nauzt that blod,
 Ac hyt hys an y-lyke,
Ine folke that torneth al to Cryst,
 Ine the body of mystyke ;
 Nou, brother,
I-lef al thys ine gode fey,
For hit may no thyng be sother.

De penitencia.

Wane man after hys crystendom
 Heth auzt i-do wyth wronge,
Penaunce hyt hys a sacrement
 That men scholde fonge,
 Ande mote ;
Penaunce heth maneres thre,
Thorȝ sorȝe, schryfte, and edbote.

Thy sorwe for thyne senne, man,
 Mot be ine gode wylle,
That hy ne be nauzt ine wanhope,
 That made Judas to spylle ;
 Ac crye

Mercy to swete Jhesu Cryst,
Mid wyl to lete folye.

And ȝet thy wylle mot be so gret,
And ine so gode faye,
That thou wenst thou noldest seneȝi eft,
Ther-fore theȝ thou scholdest deye,
Ine wytte ;
For ȝef thou woldest for death hyt do,
Thy sorȝe hys al to lyte.

Theȝ sorȝe bele man anon
Of velth of sennes slyme,
ȝet thanne were hyt nauȝt i-nouȝ,
The fore sorwy on tyme,
Ac eũere,
Ase longe ase, man, thy lyf y-lest,
Elles senne may be kevere.

For so, man, senne greveth in the,
And eke in alle thyne,
That wed schel grewen over the corn,
Wythoute medicyne
Of sorȝe ;
Nou her-on thenche, man, day and nyȝt,
An even and a morwe.

Thench thourȝ thy senne thou hest i-lore
Thy blys of hevene-ryche,
An heth i-wrethed thane kynge
That non hys y-liche ;
And here,
Thou hest of-served dygnelyche
The pyne of helle vere.

Draȝ into mende that hydous sizt
Of deade men a bere,
That nadde never deade i-be,
ȝef senne of Adam nere,
Bye drytte ;
ȝet thou aȝtest hadde more hydour
Of thyne oȝene unryȝte.

Myd sucher sorȝe schryfte, man,
Wel styлле an nothynghe loude ;
For repentaunce ondeth the hel,
And schreft hyt mot out-treude,
Al clene ;
For ȝef aȝt lefth that treude myȝt,
God so thou schelt y-wenne.

Ne non ne may hym schryve aryȝt,
Bote ȝef he hym by-thoȝte
Of sennes that he beth y-do,
And hys lyf al thorȝ soȝte
To kenne ;
Ac manie dosper to the prest
Al one by-seȝe of senne.

And understand that al i-hol
Mot be thy schryfte, brother ;
Naȝt tharof a kantel to a prest,
And a kantel to another ;
And thanne
Tele ȝef thou myȝt by-thenche the
Wet hou and wer and wanne.

And ȝef thou wylt, man, thorȝ thy schryft
Lat thy senne al a-drouȝe,
Ne wynd thou naut thy senne ine selke,
Ac telle out al that rouȝe,

Tys laȝe ;
ȝef thou wenst seie, and nast no prest,
Schryf the to another felawe.

Ac that ne schalt thou nevere do,
Bote the wantrokȝe of lyve ;
And ȝef thou comste to lyve aȝen,
Eft throf thou most the scryve
To preste,
That heth power to assoyly the,
Thorȝ power of the greste.

Thaȝ man on tyme i-healde be
To schryve hym a ȝere,
To schryve hym wanne he seneȝed heth,
Wel syker thyngȝe hyt were
And mete ;
Wald ȝef he sodeynlyche deith,
And wald he hyt for-ȝete.

For wanne man sodeynleche deith,
Hys thoȝt the sorȝe tumbleth ;
And senne onȝ schryve wanne he vor-ȝet,
Hys senne ther be doubleth
To nusȝ ;
For mytter senne that he dede,
The sleuthe hine wyle acusȝ.

Man, schryf the, and wonde none schame,
For-wy hyt hys to donne,
A lytel schame hys betere her
Thane overmoche eftsone ;
To crefte
Byvore God a domesday,
Amang al Godes schefte.

For tha3 man mo3e i-sauved be
Thor3 bare repentaunce,
Wanne he ne may to scryfte come,
3ef hym valleth that chaunce,
So holde ;
3et ne may he nau3t y-sauved be,
Be he hym schrive wolde.

Ther-fore thy schryfte, man, schel be
Wythoute stoneynge,
Myd herte lo3, and, 3ef thou my3t,
Myd thyn ezene wepynge,
In treuthe ;
Thet ther be non ypocrysy,
Bote repentaunce and reuthe.

And 3yf that thou to schryfte comff
Ine thyse manere to fare,
The schryft-vader that varth ary3t
Schal be wel debonayre,
And lo3e ;
He schel wystlyche thy senne hele,
Bet thane he wolde hys owe.

3ef he the schel anoye a3t,
 Hyt wyle of-thenche hym sore ;
 And otherwyl anoye he mot,
 Wanne he scheweth the lore
 Of helthe,
 Ase mot the leche ine voule sores,
 Wanne he royneth the felthe.

Ther-fore 3e mote tholyen hyt,
 Wythoute alle manere tole ;
 And do ther-by ententyflyche,
 3yf 3e wolleth be hole
 To live,
 And to a betere beleave goth,
 3ef 3oure prest can nau3t schryve.

Te mo prestes that thart i-schryve
 Myd alle y-hole scryfte,
 The clenner thert a3ens God,
 And of the more thryfte,
 Nau3t nyce ;
 3ef hyt ne be nau3t to thy prest
 Malice ne prejudice.

Wanne man hys repentaunt i-schrive,
 He scholde don edbote,
 And the ferste hys that he by-fle
 Chypeans of sennes rote,
 Ase quances ;
 He that by-fleke wel lecherye
 Bi-vlekth foule continuaunce.

Edbote hys dede after god conseyl
Of gosslich medicine,
Wanne senne sor y-clensed hys,
To tholye a lytel pyne
Thet frete,
That he ne be ther-vore i-wrete
In purgatoryes hete.

Thre maner peyne man fangeth
For hys senne nede ;
Senne hys that on, that other fastynge,
The thrydde hys almesdede ;
Ac woste,
Sene hys and edbote y-set
For senne do ine goste.

For senne in flesche
Vestyng heth the flesche lothe ;
Ac elmesdede senne bet
Of gost and flesche bothe ;
For thencheth,
Thet almesdede senne quenketh,
Ase water that fer aquencheth.

To byddyng contemplacion
Longeth rede ande wryte,
To here predicacioun won
Lore and herte smyte,
And wreche,
Dedes to 3yve devocioun
To men ine holy cherche.

Knewelynge, travayl, bar-vot go,
Welle-ward and wakyng,
Discipline and lyte mete,
Thes longeth to vestyng,
And here,
Pelgrymage and beddyng hard,
Flesch fram lykyng te arere.

3eve, and lene, and conseil,
Clothyng, herber3, and fede,
Vysyty syke and prysones,
And helpe povere at nede ;
Muknesse,
For to vor-3evene trespas,
Tak dedes of elmesse.

And sene 3er thou scholdest, man,
O dedlyche senne peyny,
Ther-vore al that the prest the hast
To done schalt thou nau3t fyny ;
Ac more,
For onmeathe thys ther eny prest
That peyne set so sore.

For hy habbeth in syke of men,
Hy more sette the lesse,
And betere hys ffor te apeched be
Of more for3efnesse,
Than wreche ;
For 3yf thou to lyte peyne hest,
Purgatorye hyt schal eche.

And 3et ther hys another cas,
That prestes 3yvet so lyte
Penaunce, tha3 me telle ham
Ry3t moche of sennes wyte,
Ine mone ;
Me mot ham legge lytel on,
Other hy nolde do none.

Beter hys that hy a lyte do
Her ine obedience,
And fol-velle that remenaunt
Ine purgatoryes tense,
Eftsone ;
Nys nau3t god to vor-lete a man,
That eny yinge hys wyl bone.

The bydde ich, brother, be nau3t loth
To do penaunce here ;
For 3et ther hys here some reles,
So nys nau3t ine the vere
Areyved ;
Ne thor3 the ry3tvolnesse of God
Nys no sen omtheyvid.

Man, wane thou senezyst thre thou dest,
Thou wrethest God almy3ty,
To holy cherche onbouxam thart,
Makest thy selve onry3ty,
Thos 3e mote
Make thy pes wyth alle thre,
Sorwe, schryfte, and edbote.

Man taketh thys sacrement,
 And geth away ondigne,
 For he ne schryfth nauȝt of thet thyng,
 Bote of the bare signe,
 To wyne ;
 The signe hiis that hys boutte y-do,
 That thyng hys grace bynne.

Two thynges her wythynne beth,
 For-ȝefthe and repentyng ;
 Ac repentaunce hys signe also
 Of sennys for-hevyng,
 Certayne ;
 For so may man repenti hym,
 That ther volȝeth no peyne.

That was i-ked wel inne the thef
 Ope Calvaryes felde,
 Tho he escusede Jhesu Cryst,
 And hym gelty gan ȝelde,
 Mid sourwe ;
 He deide and come to Paradys,
 Nabod he nauȝt fort a-morwe.

De uncione extrema.

Sacrament of aneliinge
 Nou her ich wolle telle,
 That man vangeth wane he ne wenth
 No lenge he myȝte dwelle
 A-lyve ;
 The bodyes evel that libbe ne mey,
 And sone hit mey to-dryve.

Many for defaute deithe
Of ther anelyynge ;
And 3yf hys saule after hys dethe
Soffrey harde pynynges,
In fere,
So scholde hy nau3t hedde he i-hed
Ryzt elyynge here.

For seint James, in hys boke,
Wysseth wyd gode mende,
That 3yf eny by-falthe ryzt syke,
The prest he scholde of-sende
To hys ende ;
And he schel elye hym wyth ele,
Hys savement to wynne.

Seynt Jame seythe that orysonne
Of ther holy by-leve,
Of hiis siknesse helthe wynthe,
That no fend schal reve
The helthe ;
And 3ef that he ine sennys be,
For-3eve hys him that felthe.

Thys his, brother, and gret confort
For for-3etene synnes,
That oure foman aredy haveth
A3eynys that we goth hennes,
Tatuite ;
Ac 3ef we aryzt aneledede beth,
Hyzt gayneth ham wel lytel.

And thanne hys man aryȝt aneled,
Wanne he myd wyl hyt taketh,
Myd by-leve of devocioun
And repentaunce maketh
So digne ;
And ȝyf he hyt othere-wyse fangeth,
He taketh ha bote the sygne.

For the sygne of thys sacrement
The elyyngys bote,
That thyngge hys alleggaunce of evel,
To lyf other diath ȝef he schel loute,
And hennes,
Thar he wende that thyngge is eke
Alleggaunce of hys sennes.

And ȝet me schal anelye a man,
Thar that he lese hys speche ;
For wet he thencheth in hys mod
Ne may ous no man teche ;
Ac stronge,
He mot habbe devocioun,
Thet schel a-ryȝt hyt fonge.

Ther-fore this children eleth me nauȝt,
Ne forthe none wode,
For hy ne conne mende have
Of thilke holy Gode ;
Ac fonge
The wode mey that sacrement,
Wane reles cometh amonge.

A prest mot do thys sacrement,
For-why hyzt hys wel worthe ;
And that seyde seynt James wel,
Ther-wyle he zede an erthe,
ze hit hedde,
Tho ich a lite her alone
Thes holye wordes redde.

The matyre of this sacrement
Hys ryzt the oylle allone ;
And wanne the bisschop blesseth hyt,
Baume ther-with ne megth he none
Ther-inne ;
For baume tokneth lyves loos,
Oyle mercy to wynne.

For wanne man deithe, he let his lyf
Ther the god los by-hoveth ;
Ac senne zef he farthe aryzt,
To bi-rensy he proveth,
To oure Lorde
Mercy he cryth, and biddeth hym
Mercy and misericorde.

The wordes that ther beth i-sed,
Hyt beth wordes of sealthe ;
For hy biddeth the sike man
Of all his sennes helthe,
In mende ;
Ther-to me aneleth the wyttes fyzf,
And fezet, and breste, and lenden.

And for the lecherye syȝt
 In lenden of the manne,
 And, ase the boke ous seyth, hy sit
 Inne navele of the wymman,
 To hele,
 Me schel the mannes lenden anelye,
 The navele of the femele.

Thys beth the wordes wane me aneleth, —
 “By thisse aneliinge,
 And be hiis milse, for-ȝyve the God
 Of thine senneȝynge,
 Myd eyen” ;
 And so he seyth be al hys lymes,
 That scholle the oyle dreȝen.

Caracter thet is prente y-cliped,
 Nys non of elinge ;
 Ne furth of penaunce ne the mo,
 Nof housel nof spousynge,
 In thede ;
 For man ofter thane ones taketh
 The sacramens for nede.

De ordinibus ecclesiasticis.

Nou her we mote ine this sarmon
 Of ordre makȝ saȝe,
 Ther was by-tokned suite wel
 Wylom by the ealde lawe,
 To a-gynne,
 Tho me made Godes hous
 And ministres ther-inne.

God ches folkes specilliche
Hys holy folke amonge,
That was the kenred of Levy,
Offyce for to fonge,
Ase brotheren ;
For to servy ine Godes house
By-fore alle the notheren.

To segge hys Levy an Englysch
Fram the notheren y-take ;
So beth of ordre i-take men,
Ase wyte fram the blake,
Of lyve ;
Gode 3eve al y-ordrede men
Wolde a-ryzt her-of schryve.

Ase ther beth of the Holy Gost
3eftes ryztfolle sevene ;
So ther beth ordres folle sevene,
That made Cryst of hevene
An orthe ;
And hedde hys ek ine hys monheth,
Toke thou hy that were wel werthe.

The ferste hys dore-ward y-cleped ;
The secunde redynge ;
The thrydde hys i-cleped conjurement
A3enys the foule thyng
To wersiexe ;
The ferthe acolyt hys to segge y-wys,
Tapres to bere wel worthe.

The ordre fifte y-cleped hys
 The ordre of sudeakne ;
 And hys the syxte also y-cleped
 The holy ordre of dekene,
 And the greste ;
 The sevene hys and hys y-clyped
 The holy ordre of prest.

Ine the elde lawe synagoge ferst
 God let the ordres werche,
 And that was sched of that hys lyzt,
 Non wryt ine holy cherche
 I nere ;
 Ich schel telle hou hyt was ther,
 And hou hyt hys now here.

De hostiariis.

Ine the ealde lawe dore-ward
 Lokede dore and gate,
 That ther ne scholde onclene thyng
 Ryzt non entry ther-ate,
 Wel couthe ;
 So doth thes dore-wardes eke
 Ine holy cherche nouthe.

And 3ef eny other hyt doth,
 Nys hyt ordre ac i-leave,
 To helthe wane ther nede i-valth,
 Ac me ne schal nauzt reave
 The office,
 Wythoute leve to don hyt,
 Ne be no man so nice.

The bisschop, wanne he ordreth thes clerekes,
Takth hym the cherche keyze,
And seyth, “ taketh and dotheth fol wel,
Ase wane ze scholle deye,
Scholde zelde
Acounte of thet hys ther-onder clos,
Hardyst thet wo so hyt felde.”

Ine the temple, sweete Jhesus
 Thyse ordre toke at ones,
 Tho that he makede a baleys,
 And bet out for the nones,
 Y-mene,
 Tho that bouzte and sealde in Godes hous,
 That hys a hous of bene.

De lectoribus.

Nou ich habbe of the ferste y-teld,
That other wyl ich trye ;
Ine the alde laze the redere
Rede the prophessye,
By wokke ;
So schulle the rederes now
By-rede and conne on lowke.

Ther-fore ere hy thys ordre have,
 Me schel hy wel assaye
 Of that hy redeth that hy wel
 Ham conne aneye,
 For-bede
 Otheren to reden schal me noȝt,
 Ac soffry hyt for nede.

Thyse ordre swete Jhesu Cryst kedde
Wel that he hedde,
Tho he drof develen out of men
That hym wel sore dredde,
The apryse
Ine the elde leze hyt ferst by-gan
Kynge Salomon the wyse.

De accolitis.

The ordre fer the accolyt hys
To bere tapres aboute wízt ríztte,
Wanne me schel rede the gospel
Other offry to oure Dryte,
To thenche,
That thet lyzt by-tokneth that lyzt
Thet nothyng may quenche.

And wanne that hey ordred hys,
The bisschop schel hym teche
Hou he schel lokke cherche lyzt,
And wyne and water areche,
To synge,
In tokne taper and crowet
To hand me schal hym brynge.

Thet thys ordre hedde Jhesus,
We habbeth wel a-founde
By thet he seyde, "Ich am that lyzt
Of alle ther wordle rounde
Aboute,
Wo so loketh, ne geth he nauzt derke,
Ac lyt ine lyves route."

Ine the elde temple tokne was
 Of the ordre of acolytes,
 Tho certeyne men lyzte that lyzt,
 Ase the laze 3ef the rytes,
 So brode ;
 Of weche lyzt hys y-wryte
 Ine the boke of Exode.

De subdiaconis.

The ordre fifte sudeakne hys,
 That chasteté enjoyeth;
 For sudeakne bereth the chalys
 To the auter and aolyveth,
 Ande weldeth
 Al bare and eke the corperaus
 Onder the deakne vealdeth.

Ine the alde lawe y-hote hyt hys,
 That hy ham scholde clensy
 That there that vessel of God,
 And myd water bensy,
 By ryzte,
 Clenne schel he in herte be
 That schal the chalys dizte.

And wanne that he y-ordred hys,
 He taketh the chalys bare,
 And he a-vangeth a crowet eke,
 And a towaylle vare
 I-nere;
 For he schel honden helde weter,
 That serveth to the autere.

Tho hym with a touwayle schete Jhesus
After soper by-gerte,
And water inta bacyn
Myd a wel mylde herte,
And wesschte
Al hys apostlene veet,
Thos ordre forthe he lesschte.

De diaconis.

Nou of the sixte telle ich schel,
That hys the ordre of deakne,
Thet hys of more perfeccioun
Thane hys ordre of sudeakne;
He bryngeth
To honde thet the prest schel have,
Wanne he the masse singeth.

Ine the ealde lawe beren hy
The hoche of holy crefte,
And nou the stole afongeth hy
Ope here scholder lefte,
To a-gynne;
And so for thane travaylle her,
The ryzt half for to wynne.

And at ordres avangeth hy
The boke of the Godspelle,
For than to rede the gospel,
And sarmone for to telle,
To wake
Hy thet slepeth ine senne slep
Amendement to maky.

Thyse ordre swete Jhesu Cryst
 Ine hys travayle kedde,
 Tho he prechinde thet folke
 To ryȝtte weye ledde ;
 The thredde
 Was tho he wakede hymself
 The apostles for to bydde.

De presbiteris.

The sevende ordre hys of the prest,
 And hys i-cleped the ealde,
 Bote nauȝt of ȝeres, ac of wyt,
 Ase holy wryt ous tealde ;
 For ȝeres
 Ne maketh so nauȝt thane prest ald,
 Ac sadnesse of maneres.

And wanne he y-ordred hys,
 Hym falth an holy gyse,
 Hys honden beth anoynte bothe
 Thor -out a cirowche wyse,
 Tafonge
 Ther-inne Godes oȝen flesch,
 That fode is to the stronge.

He takth the helye inne of eyther half
 Y-joyned atte breste,
 Thet no god hap ne heȝi hyne,
 Ne non harm hyne don deste,
 In mode ;
 Ac thenche on hym that tholede death
 For ous opone the roude.

He takth the chalys wyth the wyne,
 And brede of the pateyne ;
 He heth power to sacry hyt,
 And thet throf hys ther seyne,
 Wel trewe ;
 Inne the elde lawe the ordre a-gan,
 Ine tokne of thyssere newe.

Cryst kedde that he hys a prest
 Ryzt in double manere ;
 That on tho he sacreded hys body,
 Ther he set atte sopere ;
 Thet other,
 Tho he an roudede offrede hys body
 For ous, my leve brother.

De prima tonsura.

To thys ordre croune bet
 Ys an apparyblynge,
 Thet hys in holy cherche y-cleped wel
 The furste scherynge
 Of clerke ;
 Clerke hys to segge an Englysch,
 Eyr of Godes werke.

Ac Godes werke an erthe was
 The puple for to teche,
 And also thourȝ hys holy dethe
 Of sennes he was leche ;
 Thes werkes
 Men taketh after Jhesu Cryst,
 Wanne hy by-cometh clerkes.

And 3yf hy douth wel hare dever
 Ine thysse heritage,
 Ne may hem falle after thys lyf
 Non one worth desperage,
 To wysse,
 Ryzt y-marissched schelle hy be
 Ine hevene-ryche blysse.

The croune of clerke y-opened hys,
 Tokneth the wyl to hevene,
 Thet habbe mot that entri schel
 Into eny of the sevene,
 And sedder,
 Tokneth ase he ine ordre a-ryst
 That hys the croune breddour.

Ther drof bischop hys digneté
 To maky thulke sevene,
 And hyt by-tokneth thane bisschop
 In the bisschopriche of hevene,
 So wrethe
 Was and hys the pope vicary
 I-maked here an erthe.

Thythe ordres to thys sacrement
 By ryzte longis scholle,
 And that mo be that gode beth,
 Thes maketh al that folle
 Be a-stente ;
 Therefore ich abbe ondo 3ou thos,
 For thyse sacrement.

And nou ich wolle ondo thys eft
By the wey of mystyke,
For crystene man hys Godes hous,
Hye mote habbe wyke
Ther-inne,
Nou lett ich schel onlouke thys,
Ase God wyle grace 3yve.

Thet inewyt hys the dore-ward,
The doren wyttes fyve ;
He schel loky wel bysylyche
That no lykyng in dryve.
That stenketh ;
That inwyt hys the reddere eke
That holy lore thencheth.

Thet innewyt dryfth the fend away,
Myd meende of Crystes pyne ;
Thet inwyt lyzt ther saule lyzt
Myd theawes gode and fyne,
To hele ;
Thet inwyt wescht the felthe away,
And greydeth the fessele.

Thet inwyt redeth that gospel,
Wane hyt herereth Crystes lore ;
And 3et ther-to hys charge hyt berth
Of left half swythe sore,
To abyde
After thys lyf the hevene blys,
And krefte the ryzt syde.

That inwyt hys the masse prest,
That ine the herte slaketh
Thane auter of devocioun,
Wane man hys bone maketh ;
No lesse
Nys hyt wane man stedevasst by-lefth
Sacrament of the messe.

On inwyt mey al thys wel do,
And ine the manne to werche,
Ase on may al thys ordres have
Ryt wel in holy cherche,
Ase here ;
3ef her nys suiche mynystre nou,
Thys temple stent evere.

Ther-fore ech man that crystene hys
Hys wyttes loky fyve,
And thenche opan the lore of God,
And fendes fram hym dryve,
And ly3te
Myd gode thewes al hys lyf,
And ther-to do hys my3te.

And wessche and greydy hys fessel,
And do trewlyche hys charge,
And maked offrynge of hys beden,
Myd wel to elmesse large
Thys wyke ;
By thys 3e i-seoth how eth mey do
Ine manere of mystyke.

The signe hys of thys sacrement
The bisschopes blessynge,
Forth myd the admynystracioun
That he deth atte ordynge,
And grace
Of wyt and of auctoryté,
Thet thyng hys ine the place.

De matrimonio.

Her longeth nou to thys sarmon
Of spousynge for to werche,
Thet hys the tokne of the joynnyng of
Gode and holy cherche ;
And woste
Ryzt holy cherche y-cleped hys
That holy folke ine goste.

And ase ther mot atter spousynge
Be ryzt asent of bothe,
Of man, and of ther wymman eke,
Yn love and nauzt y-lothe,
I-lyche
By-tuixe God and holy folke
Love hys wel trye and ryche.

Thanne azte men here wyves love,
Ase God doth holy cherche ;
And wyves nauzt azens men
Non onwrestnesse werche,
Ac tholye,
And nauzt onwrost opsechem hy
Ne tounge of hefede holye.

Ine wlessche joyneth man and wyf
Children to multeplie ;
And God hath taken oure flesch
Of the mayde Marye,
Wel ferren,
Ther-of springeth thet holye stren
I-lykned to the sterren.

Wel fayr thanne hys thys sacrement,
And marye was by-gonne,
Tho hyt by-gan ine Paradys
Are Adam were y-wonne
To senne ;

Ac so changede to vyleneye
That stat of man-kenne.

For 3ef he hedde i-healde hym,
Ase God hym hedde y-maked,
He hedde y-brout forthe hys bearm-team
Wythoute senne i-smaked ;
Wet thanne,
3et holy stren by-tokned hys
By strenynge of the mane.

Hyt was God self that spousynge ferst
In Paradys sette ;

The fend hyt was that schente hyt al
Myd gyle and hys abette,

Wranch evel,
Spousoth scheawyth wet God ther dede,
Hourdom wat dede the devel.

For wanne man drazth to hordom,
And let hys ryzt spouse,
So dede Adam ine Paradys
Hys ryzt lord of house
Of hevene,
The gode for-horede the fend
Wyth hys blaundyng stevene.

That deth that God menteyneth
Wel ryzt spousynge her an erthe,
And ever mo schel go to schame
Hordom and thet hys worthe,
I-lome ;
Bet some wenth ligge in spoushop,
And lithe in hordome.

Ther-fore ich wylle telle 3ou
The lore of ryzt spousynge,
That he ne take horedom,
Wanne taketh weddyng ;
Nou lestneth,
The lore al of the laze y-wryte
That holy cherche festneth.

Ase to God hyt were y-now
That bare assent oof bothe,
Wythoute speche and by-treuthynge,
And alle manere othe,
And speche ;
Ther mote be speche of hare assent,
Holy cherche to teche.

And 3ef the man other that wyf
 By cheaunce doumbe were,
 3ef may wyten hare assent
 By soum other abere,
 And seave,
 Hy mowe be wedded wel 3enge
 By holy cherche leve.

Two manere speches beth i-woned,
 Ther two men for to nomene ;
 That one of thyng that hys now
 That other of te comene,
 Wel couthe ;
 “ Her ich the take ” wordes beth
 Of thyng that hiis nouthe.

And 3ef me seythe “ ich wille the have,”
 And ther-to treuthe plyzte
 He speketh of thyng that his to come
 That scholde be myd ryzte
 Of treuthe ;
 Ac that ferste ne faylleth nauzt,
 That other may for sleuthe.

And 3yf another treutheth sethe,
 Wyth word of that hys nouthe,
 The ferste dede halte beth,
 Ne be hy nase couthe,
 As none ;
 Bote 3ef ther folzede that treuthynge,
 A ferst flesch y-mone.

For thet completh thet spoushod
After the by-treuthynge,
That hyt ne may be ondon
Wyth none wythseggyng,
By ryzte ;
And that hyt were her ondo,
Ryzt halt wythoute Dryzte.

And her may treuthynge be ondo
Thorwe falnesse of partye,
And for defaute of witnessynge
Wyth wrange and trycherye,
I-lome,
Me weddeth suyche and liggeth so
For than ine hordome.

Ne hyzt ne may no man ondo,
By lawe none kennes,
And so by-leveth ever-mo
Fort other wendeth hennes,
Thou wyse,
So bryngeth hem in suche peryl,
That hy ne mowe a-ryse.

Ac 3ef eny hys ine the cas,
Red ich that he be chaste ;
And 3yf hys make mone craveth
Ine leyser other in haste
Lykynde,
He mozt hyzt do wyth sorye mod,
And skyle wert wepyng.

3yt he mot gret penaunce do
The dayes of hys lyve,
And 3et the more 3ef hath maked
An hore of hys wyf,
That ere,
3ef that he hedde y-wedded hy,
A goud wymman hyt were.

For suche laze is that manye beth
Men other wymmen of elde,
Thar suche contra3t y-maked hys
That more ry3t prove 3elde,
And scholle ;
And 3et of volees thane of tuo
Hys prove to the folle.

And 3yf ry3t contrait ys y-maked
Wy3thoute wytnessynge,
3ef hy by-knoweth openlyche
Byfore men of trewthynge,
Te take,
To-gidere y-hoten scholle hy be,
Tha3 other oft for-sake.

That hys bote hy wedded be
To othren er hy hy3t by-knowe ;
For tha3 hy by-knowe hyt,
Ne hys nau3t y-helde trewe
By lawe ;
For 3ef hy were, hyt scholde be
These spousebrechene sawe.

Of ham that scholde y-wedded be
Her the age thou myzt lerne,
Thet knave childe fortene 3er
Schel habbe ane tuel thetherne,
Spousynge ;
At seve 3er me maketh may,
Ac none ryzt weddyng.

For the3 hy were by assent
Ryzt opelyche y-wedded,
And ase thyse childre ofte beth
To-gadere ryzt y-bedded,
By ryzte ;
Bot 3ef hy 3yve ine tyme assent.
Departed be y-myzte.

And the tyme is wane ather can
Other fleschlyche y-knowe,
For wanne hy habbeth thet y-do,
Ne mowe hy be to-throwe,
In saze ;
Hy beth i-cliped pukeres,
That hys a worde of lawe.

Ne no treuthynge stonde ne schel,
Wyth strenthe y-maked ine mone,
Bote ther fol3y by assent
Ryzt flesch y-mone,
Ine dede ;
For thet folvelleth that spoushoth,
Ase ich by-fore sede.

And 3yf hy bethe by assent
 The thrydde treuthe leyde,
 Here eyther other for to have,
 Other word to asenti seyde,
 Othe swore ;
 3ef hy soffreth hym mone of flesche,
 Hys wyfe and nau3t hys hore.

And 3ef ther hys condicioun
 Y-set atter treuthynge,
 3ef hyt hys goud wythoute quede,
 Hyt letteth the weddyng,
 Onhealde ;
 Bote 3ef ther vlesches y-mone be
 Fol3ynde, ase ich ear tealde.

And hit is wykked condicioun,
 Covenaut of schrewead-hede,
 Ase 3ef he seyth ich wille the have
 3ef thou deist suche a dede,
 Of queade ;
 Tha3 thet covenant be nau3t y-do,
 Hy scholle hem weddy nede.

Bote that quead be a3eins spouthhoth,
 Ase ich schel here teche ;
 And 3ef man seyth "ich wolle the have,
 3yf thou wilt be spousbreche,
 Other wealde
 For te destruwen oure stren,"
 That treuthynge darf naut healde.

Sudeakne mey be y-wedded nauȝt,
Moneke, muneche, ne no frere,
Ne no man of religion,
Profes ȝef that he were,
To leste
Of chaste professioun
Hys solempne by-hest.

Ac ȝef man of religion,
Be hys ryt fre wille,
Over tyme of professioun
Heldeth hym thrynne styлле,
Relessed
Schel hym nauȝt be religioun,
Thaȝ he be nauȝt professed.

Ac ȝef ther were ryȝt treuthynge,
That may nauȝt be relessed ;
Ore hye into suche ordre came,
And here hi be professed,
To sothe,
Hy scholde aȝen to the spousynge,
And lete al that to nothe.

Hy that the man for-leyen hethe
Under hys ryȝt wyf,
Other ȝyf hy hosebonde heth
Ine thet spousbreche alyve,
Si dome ;
ȝet hi myȝte be wedded eft,
ȝef hy sengle by-come.

Bote 3ef hy by-treuthede hem,
Wyth worde of nouthe i take,
Other bote hy by-speke his dethe
In hare senvolle sake,
To slaze ;
For thanne scholde hy weddi nou3t,
By none ry3t lawe.

Meseles mowe y-wedded be,
3ef hi asenti wylle ;
An tha3 other bi-come mesel,
To-gadere healde hem styлле,
To nomene ;
Bote the treuthege bare be,
Wyth wordes of to comene.

For 3ef thet hy by-treuthed be
With worde of nou y take,
Other wyd wordes of to come,
With dede of flesches sake,
Ther, brother,
Scel be renoveled that a-gonne hiis,
And ayther fol3y other.

Bote the syke into a spytel-hous
Entry ther beth museles,
Thanne der the hole nau3t
Ther-ine folwy hiis meles,
Ne hiis gyfte ;
Falthe ham nau3t in suche compaigni
To-gadere be a ny3t.

And ine the weddyng ne gaynet nouȝt,
Thaȝ thou the other by-swyke ;
Wanne them weneth the other be hol,
And wedded thane syke,
Ne tinde ;
Ne beth no thynges bote two
That oundeth the weddyng.

That on hys, wanne he weddeth the thral,
And weneth the frye take ;
That other, wanne he weddeth one other
Thane hys ryȝte make,
By-gyled ;
The lawe of God ne senteth nouȝt
That man be so by-wyled.

And ȝyf thet one weddeth the thral,
And weneth the frye weddy,
And ȝyf a spyet that sothe throf,
And wondeth nauȝt to beddy,
Ine mone ;
ȝef he by wyl serveth that flesche,
Ryȝt partyng ne worthe hym none.

And ȝyf thy wyf hebbeth a child,
Wane thou he hest for-leye,
Ne myȝt nauȝt weddy that childe
Eft thaȝ that thy wyf deye,
By lawe ;
Ne forthe the moder thet hyt beer,
Ne woldest thou nase y-faze.

And ȝyf thou habbest so a child,
The lawe y-wryte hyt sede,
Thy wyf that his thyn oȝe flesch
Drazeth eke the godesybred,
Y-mete,
That hy ne may weddy that child,
Ne fade thet hyt bi-ȝete.

Thet ilke that y-crystned hys
Ne may weddy by laȝe
Him that hym crystneth, ne hys child,
Ne wolde nase naȝe,
Ac lete ;
And eke hem that hym hebbeth so,
And alle hare bi-ȝete.

And for the fader and moder
That hyne fleschlyche forthwyseth,
Gostlyche for hym by-sebbe beth,
To ham that hine baptizeth,
And heven ;
Ther-fore thaȝ hy ham wedded eft,
Ne myt so by-leven.

And ase the gossybrede draȝth
Ryȝt to ous after crystnyng,
So gossibrede draȝeth eke
Ryȝt after confermyng,
By lawe ;
That so hy moȝe hy weddy nauȝt,
Ne wolde hy nase y-naȝe.

More godsibrede nys ther nauȝt
Thane hys y-menezed here,
Godfader wedded godsones child
Fol wel, my leve fere,

No senne,
Neth man and wyf that weddeth ham,
Godfader theȝ he habbe enne.

And ȝyf a man hebbeth thy child,
And nauȝt bye thyne wyfe,
Thy wyf may weddy thane man
Wel after thyne lyve,

And libbe ;
And in that cas thou myȝt weddy
To thyne wyfes gossibbe.

And that lawe for-bode nauȝt
That man and wyf y-mene
Toe hebbe a childe, ȝet scholdy nauȝt
Honesteté so ȝwene,

Ne wette,
Schrewede tonge for te speke
For sclaunder me schal lette.

The sibbe mowe to-gadere nauȝt,
The foerthe grees wythinne;
Ne me ne scholle telle the stoke
That after hym by-genne,
To telle;

And ȝef other the fixte of-taketh,
To gare more hy dwelle.

3ef thou myd word, if thet hys nouthe,
 Aryzt bi-treuthest one,
 Other thaȝ thet bi-treuthy hy nauzt,
 And hast flesches mone,
 By lawe,
 Alle here sybbe affinité
 To the for-than schel drawe.

And thet ine the selve degré
 That hy beth here by sybbe ;
 And 3ef thou weddest eny of ham,
 In inceste scholle ye lybbe
 An erthe ;
 3ef hy y-sibbe ine degrés
 Ryzt wythinne the ferthe.

And so drawyth hy affinité
 Wyth alle thyne sibbe,
 Ase thou of hire sibben draȝst,
 For-than thaȝ hy ne libbe ;
 Wat doth hyzt ?
 Hyt deth the monynge ine flesche,
 Theȝ non ne wyte ne se hyzt.

And holy cherche y-hote heth,
 Me schal maky the cryes
 At cherche oppe holy dayȝes thre
 By-fore the poeple thryes,
 To assaye,
 To sech contrait 3ef me mey
 Of destorber anaye.

For erthe the banes y-gred
He that the treuthe maketh,
Farth ase he that great work by-gunth
And thanne conseyl taketh,
And tethleth;
Ac mani man that so by-gunth,
With grete harme fayleth.

And thaȝ the weddyngge were maked,
Ase hyt mytte by lawe,
ȝet hyt myȝt eft be ondo,
And eft also to-drawe,
Wet wyse,
ȝef ther ne mey nothere kendelyche
Do the flesches servyse.

Thet hys, ȝef that ere the weddyngge
Folle that ylke lette,
That other were so i-let
To do the flesches dette,
By kende;
For ȝef that lettyng velle seth,
Ne scholde hy nouȝt to-wende.

And thaȝ thet on bi-wiched be
Thanne hy to-gadere come,
That hy ne myȝte don ryȝt nauȝt,
Ne asayde nase lome,
And wolde;
ȝet thre ȝier hy abyde scholde,
To do ere hi be scholde.

And thaȝ that servyse be foul,
ȝet hyt hys tokne of gode ;
For hyȝt by-tokneth the takynge
Of oure flesche and blode
 Ine Cryst ;
No stren may non encressy
Wythoute flesches loste.

And dette hyȝt hys in spoused,
Wanne the other hyȝt welde ;
For ȝyf thyt other nolde do,
Destrayned be he scholde,
 Be rytte,
To do hyt ȝyf that he may,
The lawe heth the he myȝte.

And thaȝ man hath bysemer
Of seche manere destresse,
Be hem wel syker hyt hys y-do
For wel grete godnesse,
 Of lyve ;
For elles nolde the laȝe nauȝt
Of suche thyng schryve.

In spoushod beth godnesse thre,
Treuthe, strenyg, and signe ;
Treuthe hys that ther no gile be
Thourwe spousebreche maligne ;
 Ac, brother,
That on may spousbreche by-come,
For defaute of thet other.

That other godnesse hys strenynge,
Ther me may children wene;
And 3yf that on thothren warneth hys flesch,
Ne myzt hy naut strene
On nette,
Tho scholde that godnesse be
By-twene ham inlette.

The thrydde godnesse hys sacrament,
That hiis the holy signe
Of the joynynge of God self
And holye cherche digne,
That abayleth;
And 3yf thothren warnth hys flesch,
That sacrement hem fayleth.

By thyse thre hy moze i-se
Wanne hy ine flesche senezeth.
Wanne hy wythoute thyse thre
Wyth fleschlich mone megeth
Hare other other,
The more thyt doth, the wors hi beth,
And God also the lother.

Ase 3ef hy hyzt myzt wel a-come
To letten other wyle,
And lesse do hyt thane hy doth,
Wythoute otheres peryl
Ac blondeth,
And nys non ned wyth foule handlynge
Other other afondeth.

Ne hy ne wondeth messe-day,
 Ne none holy tyde,
 Ne holy stede wythoute peryl,
 Thaȝ hy myȝte abyde
 Spy felthe,
 Ther hy myȝte hyt do kendelyche,
 Onkende hys hare onselthe.

Hyt nys nauȝt aȝens sacrement
 Of God and holy cherche,
 Thay hy nolde by goud purpos
 Ine hare flesche worche
 By feld ;
 So ferde Marye and Joseph,
 By assent that clene hem held.

For they hye wolde
 In flesch by-leve clene,
 ȝet aȝeyns treuthe nere hyt nouȝt,
 Ne forthe aȝeyns strene ;
 Hou scholde hyȝt
 Aȝe gode purpos of strene,
 Bote other of ham wolde hyȝt ?

Ne hyȝt nys aȝeyns sacrement,
 By assent thaȝ hy be clene ;
 In spoushoth ȝef hy levies hem,
 And wel libbeth i-mene :
 Wytnesse
 Cryst and thys holy saulen eke,
 Al lovieth hem ine clannesse.

And 3yf bothe beth of god wylle,
And of assent an emne,
To take to religioun
And makye a vou solempne,
Hy mytte
In chastyté for evere mo
Servy oure Drytte.

And 3ef that eyther other may
Kendelyche serve,
Ne mozen hy azeins wyl to go
Er thane other schal sterve,
No sauve,
Bote 3ef that on for-houred be,
He may departyng have.

And 3ef hy so departed be,
Chastité he mote take,
So longe ase thothres lyf y-lest,
That whas hys ry3t make,
Nyst gabbe,
3ef he other thane hy for-lyth,
A3en a schel hys habbe.

Tha3 hy mysdede, 3et and he wyle
Eft a3eyn he may crave,
Tha3 ther such a departynge be,
And hiis wyf a3eyn have,
And scholde ;
Tha3 hy wythseyde hyt openlyche,
And a3eyn come nolde.

Ac understond for thet hordom
That maketh thes to stryve,
That eche hordom ne parteth nauȝt
The man al fram hiis wyf ;
Nou lestne,
ȝef the other othren so by-swyketh,
Ne moȝe hy nouȝt ounnestne.

Ne thaȝ a wyf by-gyled be
Of another by wrake,
And weneth wel to for-leye be
Of hyre ryȝtte make ;
ȝet more,
Thaȝ hy ben strengthe be for-leye,
Takth he nauȝt houre lore.

Ne ȝef thon thother profreth
Wyth any other to beddy,
And ne ȝef the on welnith this otheres deth,
And he another weddeth,
Thaȝ come ;
The make aȝen ne schelde hy be
To do for hordome.

Ac het nou ounderstand for ham
That gooth a pylgrymage,
On wenddeth, the other abyde schel,
Wet other passeth age,
By kende,
Other wat that ther be of hys death
Ryȝt god and certayn mende.

And 3yf man halt ase hys wyf
After the gelt hys spouse,
Tha3 he by hyre ne ligge nou3t,
Other halt hys ine hys house,
In tome,
Ne schal hy nau3t departed be
Fram hym for hordome.

The signe hys of the sacrement,
The treuthynge wel couthe,
Other comthey signe of thet asent
Wyth worde that hiis nouthe,
And dygne ;
Thynges ther beth her mo than on
Onder thys ylke signe.

Thet o thyng hys thet hol assent
By-tuixte man an wyf,
Wat bynding hys of the spousehoth
To helde to ende of lyf,
And, brother,
Thys ilke thyng a signe hys eke
Of thyng to-forin another,

And that thyng hys ase ich seyde her,
Tho ich her-an gan worche,
The holy joynynge of God self
And of al holy cherche,
In tome,
Of spouhoth thys aneyment
Louketh 3ou for hordome,

Tho seynt Johan ine the Apokalips
Seȝ pruveetés of hevene,
He seȝ a boke was fast i-schet
Wyth strong lokes sevene,
A wonder ;
Ne hy myȝty no man ondo
Above in hevene and onder.

And tho that seint Johan y-seȝ that,
Wel sore he gan to wepe ;
Tho seyde an angel, “ Wep thou nouȝt,
Ac take wel gode kepe,
Thys sygne,
That holy lambe that slaȝen hys
To ondo hyt hys wel dygne.”

Thys ylke boke the mystikys
Of these sacramentis,
That were i-schet fram alle men,
Wat God himself out sent hys,
To tounne ;
For be thou syker hy were in God,
Er than the worlde by-gounne.

For ase he wyste wel
We scholde be by-gyled,
So ever wyste he that the feend
Scholde aȝen be by-wyled,
Thorȝ Cryste ;
Ac he hyt hadde wel privé
For Saternases lyste.

Al what os com thet ilke lambe,
Jhesus that was y-slawe,
That onne schette the queynte loken,
That spek of the alde lawe,
And sevene,
So kedde out thyse sacremens
By-nethe and bove in hevene.

The ferste loke oneleke Jhesus,
Ase he wel coude and myzte,
Tho Nychodemus to hym come
At one tyme by nyzte,
To lerny ;
And he ondede hym cristendom,
No lenge he nolde hyt derny.

That lok onleake of confermynge
Ther hiis apostles leye
Slepynde tho that of ham bed
Aryse for to preye,
Amonge,
That hy ne volle into fondyng.
Ac that hye weren stronge.

The thrydde loke oneleke Jhesus
Ther he set atte sopere,
Tho he sacrede hys flesche and blod,
Ase ich zou seyde hyt here,
So holde,
In fourme of bred and eke of wyn
That we hyt notye scholde.

And tho Peter in o3e ny3t
Thryes hedde hyne for-sake,
And he by-held hyne ther a-set
Ry3t atte hys pynyng-stake,
Nem kepe,
Ther he onleke penaunce loke,
Tho Peter gan vor to wepe.

The fy3te that hys elyynge,
Cryst onleke to oure wayne,
Tho hand and fet and al hys lymes
I-persed were ine payne,
Ene helede,
For al the formes of oure lemes,
Anon so be we anelede,

The syxte onleke swete Jhesus,
Of ordre nothyng orne,
Tho he a-veng for oure love
The croune of scharpe thornes ;
Wel wyde
Ondede the loke of ry3t spousyngē
The wounde onder hys syde.

For ase wymman com of the ryb
Of the mannes ry3t syde,
So holyche spouse of God
Sprange of thane wonden wyde ;
Nou leste,
Hou that was hed conseyl ine God,
Sprounge hiis out at hys brest.

Nou, Lord, that coudest maky open,
 Thet no man coude oneschette,
 And canste wel schetten thet hy be open
 That none other man derte
 To hopye,
 So graunte ous thyne sacremens,
 That non errour ne ous ascapye ;
 And that we hys mote a-redy have,
 Lord, her at oure nede,
 That no deveȝl ne acombry ous,
 Lord, thou hyȝt ham for-bede,
 Amonge ;
 And for the tokene that we neme,
 Lat ouse thy holy dole fonge. Amen.

*Oretis pro anima domini Willelmi de Schorham,
 quondam vicarii de Chart juxta Ledes, qui composuit
 istam compilacionem de septem sacramentis.*

Pater noster, Domine, labia mea aperies, etc.

Thou opene myne lyppen, Lord,
 Let felthe of senne out wende ;
 And my mouthe wyth wel god acord
 Schel thyne worschypnge sende.

Deus, in adiutorium meum intende.

Vaderis wyt of heve an-heȝ,
 Sothnesse of oure Dryȝte,
 God and man y-take was
 At matyn-tyde by nyȝte.
 The disciples that were his,
 Anone hy hyne for-soke,
 I-seld to Gywes and by-traid,
 To pyne hyne toke.

Adoramus te, Christe, et benedicamus tibi, etc.

We the honreth, Jhesu Cryst,
 And blesseth ase thou os touȝtest ;
 For thourȝ thy crouche and passyon
 Thys wordle thou for-bouȝtest.

Oremus, Domine Jhesu Criste.

We the byddeth, Jhesu Cryst,
 Godes son a-lyve,
 Sete on crouche pyne and passyoun,
 And thy dethe that hys ryve ;
 Gode atende to my socour,
 Lorde, hyȝe, and help me fyȝte !

Glorye to the Fader and Sone,
 And to the Gost of myȝtte ;
 Ase hyt was ferst and hiis,
 And schal evere-more be wyth ryȝte.
 Bytuext ous and jugement
 That no fend ous ne schende,
 Nou, ne wanne the tyme comthe
 Thet we scholle hennes wende.
 And ȝyf the lyves mysse and grace,
 The dede redand and reste,
 Holy cherche acord and pays
 Ous glorye and lyf that beste ;
 That levest and regnest wyth the Fader
 Ther never nys no pyne,
 And also wyth the Holy Goste,
 Evere wythoute fyne. Amen.

Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum; benedicta tu, etc.

O swete levedy, wat they was wo,
 Tho Jhesus by-come in orne ;
 For drede tho the blodes dropen
 Of swote of hym doun orne.
 And, levedy, the was wel wors,
 Tho that thou seȝe in dede
 Thy leve childe reulyche y-nome
 And ase a thef forthe lede.
 And ase he tholedde thet for ous,
 Levedy, wythoute sake,
 Defende ous wanne we dede bethe,
 That noe fende ous ne take.

*Pater noster. God, atente to my socour. Lord, hyze,
etc. Deus, adjutorium meum. Domine, ad. Hora prima.*

At prime Jhesus was i-led
To-fore syre Pylate,
Thar wytnesses false and fele
By-lowen hyne for hate.
In thane nekke hy hene smyte,
Bonden hys honden of myztte ;
By-spet hym that sw... semblant
That hevene and erthe a-lyzte.

*Adoramus te, Christe. We the honoureth, etc.
Ave, Jhesu Christe. We the biddeth, Jhesu Cryst.
Ave Maria, etc.*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo
A Gode Frydayes in orthe,
Tho al the nyzt y-spende was
In swete Jhesues sorwe.
Thou seze hyne hyder and thyder y-cathed,
Fram Pylate to Herode ;
So me bete hys bare flesche,
That hyzt arne alle a-blode.
And ase he tholedde that for ous,
Levedy, withoute crye,
Schelde ous wanne we deade beth
Fram alle feenden mestrye.

*Pater noster. Deus, in adjutorium. God, atende
to my socour. Crucifige, etc.*

Crucyfige ! crucifige !
Gredde hy at ondre ;

A pourpre cloth hi dede hym on,

A scorne an hym to wondre.

Hy to-steke hys swete hefed

Wyth one thornene coroune ;

Toe Calvarye his crouche ha beer

Wel reuliche ouzt of the toune.

*Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Cryst. Ut
sancta, Domine Jhesu Christe. We the byddeth, Jhesu
Cryst. Ave Maria, etc.*

O swete lavedy, wat the was wo

Tho that me Jhesus demde,

Tho that me oppone hys swete body

The hevye crouche semde !

To bere hyt to Calvary

I-wys hyt was wel wery,

For so to-bete and so to-boned,

Hyzt was reweleche and drery.

And also he tholed that for ous,

Levedy, a thyse wyse,

I-schelde ous, wanne we dede beth,

Fram alle fendene jewyse.

*Deus, in adjutorium. Gode, atende to my socour.
Pater noster. Hora sexta.*

On crouche y-nayled was Jhesus

Atte sixzte tyde,

Stronge theves hengen hy on

Eyther half hys sede.

Ine hys pyne hys stronge therst

Sthanchede hy wyth zalle ;

So that Godes holy lombe
Of senne wesche ous alle.

*Adoramus te, Christe. We the honoureth, Jhesu
Cryst. Oremus, Domine Jhesu Christe. We the
biddeth, Jhesu Cryst. Ave Maria, gratia plena.*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo
Tho thy chyld was an-honge,
I-tached to the harde tre
Wyth nayles gret and longe !
The Gywes gradden, "com adoun,"
Hy neste way y mende,
For thrau ha thole to be do
To deth for mankende.
And ase he henge, levedy, for ous,
A-heyte oppon the hulle,
I-scheld ous wane we deade ben,
That we ne hongy in helle. Amen.

*Pater noster. Deus, in adiutorium. God, atende
to my socour. Lord, hyze, etc. Hora nona.*

Atte none Jhesu Cryst
Thane harde death felde ;
Ha grade "Hely" to hys fader,
The soule he gan op-3elde.
A knizt wyth one scharpe spere
Stange hyne i the ryzt syde ;
Therthe schoke, the sonne dym by-come,
In thare tyde.

*Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Cryste.
Domine Jhesu Christe. We the biddeth, Jhesu Cryste.
Ave Maria, gratia plena, etc.*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo
Tho Jhesus deyde on rode !
The crouche and the ground onder hym
By-bled was myd his blode.
That swerde persed thyne saule tho,
And so hyt dede wel ofter,
That was thy sorwe for thy child,
Dethe adde be wel softer.
And ase he tholed thane deth,
Levedy, for oure mende,
Schulde ous wane we dede beth,
Fram deth wythouten ende. Amen.

*Pater noster. Deus, in adjutorium. God, attende
to my socour. Lord, hize, etc. De cruce deponitur.
Hora, etc.*

Of the crouche he was do
At eve-sanges oure ;
The strengthe lefte lotede ine God
Of oure Sauveoure.
Suche death a under-zede,
Of lyf the medicine,
Alas ! hi was y-leyd adoun
The croune of blysse in pyne.

Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Crist.

*Ave Jhesu Christe. We the biddeth, Jhesu Cryst.
Ave Maria, gratia plena.*

O swete levedy, wat the was wo
Tho Cryst was do of rode !
For ase a mesel ther he lay,
A-stouned in spote and blode,
For-bere wepyng ne myzt hy
That seze al hou thou weptyst ;
Al hy the seze of hym bloody,
So ofte thou hine by-cleptyst.
And ase he tholed the fylthe,
For felthe of oure sennes,
Helpe ous, levedy, we clene be,
Wanne we scholle wende hennes. Amen.

*Pater noster, etc. Deus, adjutorium. God, attende
to my socour, etc. Lord, hize, etc. Hora complectorii.*

At complyn hyt was y-bore
To the berynge,
That noble corps of Jhesu Cryst,
Hope of lives comynge.
Wel richeleche hit was anoynt,
Folfeld hys holy boke ;
Ich bydde, lord, thy passioun
In myne mend loke.

*Adoramus te. We the honoureth, Jhesu Crist.
Domine Jhesu Christe. We byddeth, Jhesu Cryst.
Ave Maria, gratia plena : etc.*

O swete levedy, was the was wo,

And drery was thy mone,
Tho thou sei3e thy lefe sone
I-bered under the stone !
That thou wystem thour3 thy feyth
A-ryse that he scholde,
A drery fayth hyt was to the
That he lay under molde.
And ase he was four ous y-bered,
And a-ros thourwe hys my3tte,
Help ous, levedy, a domes-day,
That wey a-ryse mytte the, levedy brytte.
Amen.

Thyse oures of the canoune,
Lord, mone3e ich the wel fayre,
Wyth wel gre3t devocioun
A reyson debonayre ;
And ase thou tholedest lor forme
Ope Calvaryes doune,
So acordaunt to thy travayl,
Lord, graunte me thy coroune. Amen.

De decem preceptis.

The man that Godes hestes halt,
And that myd gode wylle,
And nauȝt one by-fore men,
Ac both loud and stille,
Meche hys the mede that hym worthe,
By so that he na drylle ;
ȝef he hys breketh and so by-loefth,
Hys sauylle schal he spylle.
ȝef thou hys halst man, God the seithe,
Ha wole be the so kende,
He wole be fo to thyne fon,
And frend to thyne frende.
Hye the mys-doth, ham wyle mys-do,
And have thys ine thyne mende ;
Hys angel schal to-forthe go
To wyte the fram the fende.
Thyne sustenaunce thou schel have,
Thyȝ nauȝt a-lyve delyce,
Ac mete and clothes renableliche,
And lyf ine herte blysce.
Thaȝ folke the heelde a nice man,
Ther-fore nert thou nauȝt nyce ;
I-likned worth thy gode loos
So swete so the spyce.
Thef the that art a crystene man
Wel hy healde by-falleth,
Syker thou myȝt be of that lond
Thar melke and hony walleth,

That hys the blysse of hevene above,
Thar holy soulen stalleth ;
Ine glorye ther none ende nys,
Ne none swetnesse appalleth.
To wyte thanne wat God haȝt,
Is eche man wel y-halde,
Throf ich may telle ase ich wot,
Ase other men me tealde,
And ase hyt hys in holye boke
I-wryten ine many a felde ;
Lestneth to meȝ *par charyté*,
Bothe ȝonge and ealde.
O thyngē hyt hys al that God hat,
Bote a-two he hyȝt dyȝte,
And that hys love, man, syker thou be,
To lovyē wyth thy myȝt.
Thou ert y-helde, man, ther-to
Bye skele and eke by ryȝtte ;
Thou thenke her-on *par charyté*,
By dayes and eke by nyȝtte.
Thys love God heth y-diȝt a-tuo
Amange hiis hostes alle,
The ferste hys for to lovyē God.
By-falle what so falle ;
Seththe to lovyē alle men,
So brothren scholde ine halle,
Wythouten byternesse of mode
That hiis thare saule galle.
The man that healdeth thys two,
Of charyté the heastes,

Al he folveth the lawe of Gode
And prophetene gestes.
Ac lasse love ther hys wyth men
Thane be wyth wylde bestes,
That doth that manye y-schodred ben
Fram hevene-ryche festes.
Ten hestes haveth y-hote God,
Ase Holy Wryt ous tealde,
O the two tablettes of ston
Wyth hys fynger bealde.
He hys wrot Moyses by-toke
Wylom by dazes ealde,
To wyse man hou schal wel
These ten hestes healde.
In ston ich wot that he hys wrot,
In tokne of sykernesse,
That we that wole y-saved be,
The more and eke the lesse,
By-hoveth that he healde hy
Wyth al hys bysynysse.
Allas ! feawe thencheth ther-on,
Th..... a wykkednesse.
Yet o table hedde thry
Of thyse hestes tene.
The thri longeth to love of Gode,
Ase hyzt schel wel be sene ;
The seven longet to love of man,
That none scholde wene,
Ine thother table sete tho
To-gadere and al y-mene.

Honury thou schelt enne God,
Hym one to by-knowe ;
Take nauzt hys name in ydelschepe,
Wyth ydel wynde to blowe ;
Halze thou the masse-day,
Ase he comthe in the rewe.
In these thre the love of God schewy hit,
Were hyt hys to sewe.
Worschipe thy fader and moder eke ;
Ne brynge no man of lyve ;
Do the to none lecherye,
Thaȝ the foundyngge dryve ;
Wytnesse vals ne bere thou non ;
Of thefthe thou ne schryve ;
Coveyte none mannes wyf,
Ne nauzt of hys for-stryve.
Thys bethe the sevene that love of man
Schewe what hyȝt be scholde.
ȝef eny man fayleth eny of thys,
Nys hyȝt bote an on holde ;
Ac al to fewe lovyth ham,
And wylleth that other wolde.
Alas ! wat schal be hare red,
Wanne hy beth under molde ?
Ac many man desceyved hys,
And weneth that he hys helde ;
And weyneth that he be out of peryl,
Other ine senne so schealde,
That hym ne douteth of no breche
Of Godes hestes healde,

Ac he not nefer wat hy beeth,
Ne never hy ne tealde.
I-wryte hyt hys, ich telle hyzt the,
Ine the boke of Wysdome,
That eche man scholde conne hy,
And rekeny wel y-lome,
And that hy nere nauzt for-3ete,
Wane othere thouztes come.
Tys fynGRES scolde man bynde hy,
For doute of harde dome.
For mannes honden and hys fet
Beret tokene wel gode
Of alle the tenne comaundemens,
That man thyt onderstonde.
Ten fynGRES and ten thine tone,
Of flesche and bon and blode,
Tokneth that thyne workes ne be
A3eyns the hestes for broude.
3et som man hiis that passioun lyche
Can telle hy myd the beste,
Ac me hys dedes nares he,
Ase he nauzt of hem neste.
And 3et hym thingth that he beth wel,
And for to come to reste ;
Ac al desceyved schel he be,
Wanne cometh the grete enqueste.
Here-fore nys hyzt nauzt y-nou3
To telle hy ne vor to conne,
And telle and werche wel ther-by,
Thanne hys hyzt alle y-wonne.

For wel to conne and nauȝ no don,
Nys nather rawe ne y-sponne ;
Lytel hiis worth bote hyt endy
Wel thyngge that hiis wel by-gonne.
They hyt be wel lyttelyche y-sed,
The ferste heste a-rowe,
For to honoury anne God,
Hym one to by-knowe,
Thenche thou most wel bysyly,
And thy wyȝt thran by-stowe,
And bydde hym that thou hyt mote do
Wel myldelyche a-knowe.
For thou ne myȝt hytte nefere do,
Man, wel wythoute grace ;
So heth thys wordle bounde the
Wyth here lykynges
Ther-fore the by-hoveth Godes helpe,
That he hyt wolde arace,
So that thou ne teldest no worth
Of blandynge face.
For ȝyf thy wyl rejoith more
In enyes kennes thynges,
Be-hyȝt the childe, other thy best,
Land, brouches, other ryngeth ;
Other aȝt elles, wat so hyt be,
Bote yne God that hys kynge of kynges,
Thou ne anourest naȝt God a-ryȝt,
Ac dest is onderlynges.
By-lef thou in no wycheecraft,
Ne ine none teliinge,

Ne forthe inne none ymage self,
Thaȝ that be great botninge ;
Bote as al holy cherche the tek,
Thou make thyne worthyngē.
For Gode nele nauȝt that thou hyt do,
Bote by there wyssyngē.
Thanne asay thyn oȝe thoȝt
By thysser ylke speche,
And ȝyf thou annourest God a-ryȝt,
Thyne inwit wyle the teche,
And ȝyf thou fynst that thou ne dest,
Amende, ich the by-seche ;
Thou ert a sot, and myȝt do bet,
And so siȝst yn the smeche.
That other heste apertelyche
Schewed mannes defaute,
Wanne he aldey swereth ydelleche,
In kebbynge and in caute.
Mechel hys that he maketh hym
Her efterward to tenty,
Wenne he schal hys aountes ȝyve
Of ech idel sente.
Thenne ne couthe ich nanne red
Of thylke aountes oure,
Nere the milse and merci of God self
Oure alder auditour,
That wolle the arerages for-ȝeve,
ȝef hyt hys to hys honoure.
Ac cesse, man, of thy ydelschop,
Other ich wole out wel soure.

The thrydde heste apertelyche
Scheweth wyth wykked rote,
Wanne thou halst thy masse-day,
As God hyt hath y-hote ;
Ac werkest other werke dest
Werkes that beth to note,
The wykkede ensample that thou 3efst,
Thou abeyst, ich the by-hote.
And that thou ne werche nau3t,
Ac gest to pyne gloutynge,
Other in eny other folke
In pleye of thretynge.
Thou halst wel wors thane masse-day,
Thane manne myd hys workynge ;
Thare-fore to the al y-holliche
That day to holy thyng.
The feste heste scheweth the
That thye senne schal slethe,
3yf thou rewardest thyne eldrynges nau3t
A-lyve and eke a-dethe ;
That were wel besy to brynge the forthe,
As hy my3ten onnythe,
3yf thou hy gna3st and flag3st eke,
Ry3t hys that fendes fleathe.
Nau3t nys thys heste y-hote of God
For suche eldren allone ;
Ac hys of mannes eldren eke,
Ase he te3t atte font-stone.
Ther holy cherche thy moder hys,
And fader in Cristes mone ;

ȝef thou ert onboxom to hyre,
Grace of God ne worthe the none.
The fyfte heste scheweth the
That thou ne schalt nauȝt smyte,
Ne nauȝt ne mys-segge ne mys-do,
Ne nauȝt foules he atwyte.
For ofte the mannes sieȝte aryft,
Were man hyȝt weneth wel lytel;
And he that spilleth mannes lyf,
Venjounse hyt schel awyte.
And ȝef ther hys man-sleȝ the pur,
As ous telleth holy boke,
ȝyf eny man for defaute deyth,
And eny hym for-soke
To helpe hym of that he may,
Hys lyf to save and loke,
Her dere ȝer acusethe fele,
That God and arthe touke.
And ȝet seint Johan the wangelyst
Al into mende draȝeth,
He that hatyeth eny man,
He seche that he hym slaȝe.
Manye suche man-sleȝ then beth,
That al day men for-gnaȝeth,
And sweche beth in helle depe
That develen al to-draweth.
The sixte heste scheweth wel
The sothe to al mankenne,
The dede y-do in lechery
Hys ryȝt a dedleche senne.

And elles nere hyzt nauzt
For-bode amange the hestes tenne ;
The that seggeth hyt nys nauzt,
So hare wyzt hys al to thenne.
Her hys for-bode glotenye,
So ich the by-hote ;
For ich norysseth lecherye,
Ase fer the brondes hote.
And thaȝ ther be alone lomprynge
In lecheryes rote,
Al hyt destrueth charyté,
Wyth wrake and wyth threte.
The sevende heste schewed wel
Man schal be true in dede,
That no man abbe of the otheres naut,
Thorȝ thefte wyckerede.
For al hys thefte that man teȝt
Myd wyl of wymynghede,
Aȝens the ryzt aȝeres wyl,
So lawe y-wryte hyt sede.
Thanne hys hyt a thef, wo so hyt be,
That manne god so taketh,
Be hyzt by gyle other mestry,
Other wordes that he craketh.
In londe suche his many a thef
That y-now hym maketh ;
He wenth by chere of jugement,
Ac helle after hym waketh.
The eȝtende heste the for-bed
The ffalse wytnessynge ;

And that hys, man, syker thou be,
Alle manere lesynge
To hermy in body man,
Other in hys other thyng,
Other in hys saule, and that hys worst,
In peryl for to brynge.
Al hyt hys senne that me le3th,
Bote that men le3th for gode ;
Ry3t deadlyche senne nys that nau3t
For myldenesse of mode.
Ac elles, man, al that thou legst
Is deathlich and for-brode,
Tho thet hy3t useth, ich wot hy beth
Unwyser thane the wode.
Alas ! onnethe eny man
That thyse hestes healde ;
Alle hy beth y-torned to lesynge,
Thes 3onge and eke thes olde.
Ther-to hys mentenaunce great,
That maketh hy wel bealde ;
Do 3e nau3t so, *par charyté*,
Ac 3oure tongen 3e wealde.
The nezende heste the for-bed
That wyl to lecherye ;
And to spousbreche nameleche,
That so meche hys to glye,
Thanne nys hyt nau3t one dealyche
Swych dede to complye,
Ac ys that voule wyl also
To swyche fylenye.

The tethe heste the fo[r]-bet,
Wyl tou other manne thyng,
For that desturbet charyté,
In onde man to brynge.
Defendeth 3ou, for Godes love,
Fram alle wykked wyllynge;
For suche wyl hys for dede i-set
In Godes knelechyng.
Nou ich 3ou bydde, for the blode
That Jhesus blede on the rode,
That into herte taketh thys two
To 3oure soule fode;
And fo3eth nau3t in thys wordle
The vyle commune floude,
That fleuth into the fendes mouthe;
And so seithe Jop the gode. Amen.

[*De septem mortalibus peccatis.*]

Senne maketh many thral,
That scholde be wel fry ;
And senne maketh many fal,
That he ne mote i-thy.
Senne bryngeth man a-doun,
That scholde sute a deys ;
Senne maketh storbylon,
Thar scholde be godes peays.
Senne maketh by-wepe
That som man er by-loȝ ;
Senne bryngeth wel depe
That hym wel hyȝe droȝ.
Senne hys swete and lyketh,
Wanne a man hi deth,
And al so soure hy bryketh,
Wane he venjaunce y-seth.
Senne maketh nywe schame,
Thaȝ hy for-ȝete be ;
And senne bryngeth men in grame,
Thar er was game and gle.
And senne maketh al the who
That man an erthe hath ;
And bryngeth mannes saule also
In helles voule breth.
And they man be fram helle y-wered
Thourȝ repentaunce here,
ȝet ne may nauȝt some man be spared
Fram purgatories fere,

That he ne schel soffry ther hys who,
As he hiis here atenkt,
And her nys fer namore ther-to,
Thanne hys fer dereynt.
Ac purgatorie and helle hy beth
So lyte by-leved,
That what somevere men telleth,
Beth throf al adeved.
Hem wolde douty more
A lytel pyne her,
Thane havi wolde al that sore,
And on y-sely fer.
Ac hwo sez ever eny
That hedde of senne glye,
For bond other for peyne,
That he ne changede hys blye,
Wyth schame and eke wyth schounde,
Wyth sorze and eke wyth who,
And that was ked in londe
By some nauzt fern ago.
Thanne ich may wyssy ase ich can,
I miself thaȝ ich be spreth,
That bote thou wylle wondy, man,
Thy pyne after thy deth,
Wonde the sorze that hys her,
Folgende after thy queed,
And ȝet the tyt the lasse fer,
Whanne the falth to be dead.
Whanne thou scholdest senezzy,
By-thenche, leve frend,

And thaȝ thy flesch the meneȝy,
The wordle other the fend,
By-thenche hou schort hys the lykyng,
And hou the schame hys stronge,
And hou thou weryest thane kyng
Of hevene wyth thy wronge.
Thiȝ man mo ȝo thorȝ hys resone,
Y wote, wanne he mys-deth ;
ȝef ther by-hoveth greȝt sarmone
To hame that lewed bethe ;
For feawe of ham conne the skele
Hou senne aboute cometh,
And that acombreth swythe fele
That none kepe nometh.
Ther-fore thys tale rymeth
Hou men in senne beth,
And hou senne by-lymeth
Than that to senne hym deth.
Ther-fore neme ȝe kepe
Al hou the senne syt,
That ȝe ne falle to depe,
For wane of ȝoure wyt.
Nou lyst hou man hys bounde
Wyth senne swythe stronge,
And hou he bereth death wounde,
And fenym thare amonge.
The wonde swelth an aketh
So doth the naddre stenge,
And gret and gretter maketh,
And felthe make threng.

I-wounded was mankende
After that hy was wrozt,
Thor3 the neddre the feend,
That hy heth al thor3 souzt.
Thorwe the fenym of senne,
That al mankende slakth,
Nes non nou that kenne
That that fenym ne taketh.
And that fenym was ferst y-kast
On Eve and on Adam,
And so forthe thenne hyt her y-lest,
Ase kenne of 3erneth yne man.
So hyzt nys nauzt senne lyas,
That child that haveth lyf,
Y-bore other onbore was,
Bote crystnyng breketh that stryf.
Oryginale thys senne hys cleped,
For man of kende hyt taketh syn ;
Ryzt so hys al mankende a-merred,
Thor3 the route of fenym.
That doth that mannes body y-bered,
Nys bote a lyte slym.
Her-uppe y-tho3t hath meny a man,
And i-sed many a foul,
That onwyslyche God ous by-gan,
And hys red was to coul,
That let man to suich meschyf,
That myzte hyt habbe undo.
Ac 3ef thou wolt by gode lef,
Thenche thou namore so.

Ne velthe hyt nouzt to clypye azen,
We soeth wel hyt hys thous ;
God to atwyte oure won
No longeth nothyng to ous.
For we dysputeth azeyn hym,
Concluded schel he be,
Dispute nauzt, ac kepe nym,
Wo thart and who hys he.
Wat helpth hyt the crokke,
That hys to felthe y-do,
Aze the crokkere to brokke,
Wy madest thou me so ?
The crokkere myztte segge
Thou proud erthe of lompēt,
Ine felthe thou schelt lygge,
Thou ert nauzt elles nezt.
Ryzt so may God answerye the,
Wanne thou hym atwyst,
Wat helpthe hyt so wran to be,
Wanne thou wyth Gode chyst ?
Do nauzt so, ac mercy crye,
That the tyde wors ;
For suiche al day me may y-se
Encresseth here cors.
Ac be thou wel, man, be the wo,
Of gode ne tel thou nauzt lytel ;
For syker be that he let do,
He let hyt do wyth ryzte.
Swech ryzt scheaweth wyth
God above, the hyzt be hyd fram the ;

Thenche namore for Godes love
So heze pryveté.
Ac thench thou nart bote esche,
And so thou loze the ;
And byde God that he wesche
The felthe that hys in the.
And thyȝ thou lange abyde,
Ne atwyt hym nauȝt thy who ;
Ac tyde the what by-tyde,
Thou thenke hym evere mo.
And so soum grace the by-tyde,
Ac elles the hy for-gest ;
For God wythstondeth hym that chyt
And aȝe God wrest,
Ase he wythstent the prouden,
And myld grace sent
To libbe amange the louden,
Wenne other beth i-schent.
Nou we seeth wel hou hyt ys
Of thane oryiginal ;
Nou lest ou man do amys
Thorȝ hys oȝene gale.
Thys senne cometh nauȝt of thy ken,
Ac thyself ech del.
Tho seggeth thys leredemen,
And clypyeth hyt accuel.
Thys manere senne nys nauȝt ones,
Ac hys i-schynt in thry,
In thouȝt, in speche, in dede amys,
Thys may ech man y-sy.

He that ne thynketh nauȝt bote wel,
And speketh and doth al ryȝt,
The man hys sekere of accuel,
Ac he hys here so bryȝt.
Ho hys he that al beth wel,
The thoȝtes that he kakthe?
And who hys that spoke scheal
A-ryȝt al that he speketh?
And wo hys he that al newe deth
Wel al that he deth?
No man, no man, ac niȝt and day
Thys men by-soyled beth,
So as hy beth men ase we seeth
Wyth sennes al thorȝ therled,
Many ys the senne that me doth,
In tal the wyde wordle.
Of senne ich wot by thyse sckyle,
That ther hiis wel great host;
And for the fend i-mut so fele,
Ther-of hys alle hys host.
And he arayeth hare trome
As me areyt men in fyȝt;
For he sykth gode theawes
Some aȝenes ham y-dyȝt.
And ase God dyst theawes
In alle gode men,
The feend arayeth the schreawes
In wykken ther-aȝen.
Thys hys that fyȝt an erthe
That al wynth, other lest;

And ase the fyzttere hys worthe,
The cheveteyn hym chest.
Ac cheveteyn of senne
Ich wot that the fend hys ;
For wyse and alle kenne
Arayes hys amys.
And ase there in bataylle
O kynge bereth the beeth ;
Soe hyt were a gret faylle,
3ef the host were eni he3.
Ther-fore me maketh prynses
The host to governi ;
And ase who welen the linses
To-gadere heldeth hy.
And ase al that hys here
By sove dazes geth ;
Of senne alle manere
Seve develen prynces beth,
That thene certeygne,
That Cryst kest out hyt seyth,
Of Marie Maudeleyne,
That goospel that ne weyth.
The ferst pryns hys prede,
That ledeth thane floke,
That of alle othere onlede
Hys rote and eke stoke.
For nys non of the syxe
That hy ne cometh of thane,
For myx of alle myxe
In hevene hy by-gan.

Prede suweth in floures
Of wysdom and of wyt,
Amang levedys in boures
The foule prude syzt;
Under couele and cope
The foule prede lythe;
Theȝ man go gert wyd rope,
ȝet prede to hym swyth.
Prede syzt under ragge,
Wel cobel and wel balgth,
That ketheth wordes bragge,
And countenaunces ȝaldeth.
Nys non, thaȝ som myt wene,
That some prede ne taketh;
Ne none so proud, ich wene,
Ase he that al for-saketh.
For who hys that nevere set hys thouȝt
And erthe to be hyȝ?
Who hys hit that never y-thouȝt
Of pompe that he seȝ?
Who yst that never nas rebel
Aȝenis hys soverayn?
Who hist that be-nome schel,
And nabbe non agayn?
Who hyst that nevere godlich nas
Wanne chaunce at wylle come?
Who yst that wanne he preysed was,
Never at heȝ hyt nome?
Who hyst that never thoȝte
He scholde honoured be,

For dedes that he wroute
Wanne menne hyzt mytte se ?
Who hys that never ho3the dro3
To-ward hys that was ?
Ho hys never ne kedde wo3
In boste to hys sugges ?
Ho neth wyth pompe y-schewed hym
3et other thane he was ?
Nou ypocresy kepe nym
Regneth, hyt nys no leas.
Ho yst that never was y-blent
Wyth non surquydery ?
That hys wanne a proud man
Heth y-ment other thane hyt schel by.
Wo that never ne dede thous
He wole prede by-fle3 ?
3ef that kebbede eny of ous,
Ich wo3t wel that he le3.
The man the hym wole afayty
Of prede that hys so he3,
Fol wel he mo3t hys weyti
Bothe fer and ne3.
For 3ef he let to nothe
That he ne awayteth hy,
Ich segge hym wel to sothe,
That ryzt proud schel he be.
For prede hys a senne of herte,
And bounté scheweth hy,
Wyth kebbynge aperte
And weddyngge manyable.

Thorȝ dedes of bostynge,
And atyr stent and say,
And other suche thynges
That men usyeth al day.
That other feend of onde
Hys pryns and chevetayn,
That senne hys ryf in londe,
And nauȝt hys hyre wayn.
For sorwe he heth of gode,
And harme hys hyre blysse ;
Ine here pryncy mode
The hert walt al thys.
Thys senne hys over nyce,
Ac holde schal hy be,
The senne of meste malice
Aȝeyns charyté.
Wanne love hys here preye,
Al for to confundy,
And wyl het to by-traye
That wolde gode by.
Onde hys a senne of herte,
And bounté scheweth hy,
To harmy and to herte
Wanne hey deth bacbyty.
Wanne hy holdeth hy werches
That god and hende beth,
And othere southe plocches
Scheweth wat onde deth.
The thrydde senne hys wrethe,
That so meche hys i-telde,

Hyt maketh blod and broche
About the herte aneld.
Wanne manne neth nauzt hys thouse
To wylle and also thynthe,
He compasyth venjaunce
To hym that azen clenketh ;
And so hyt fret and hys y-frete
Evere megreté,
And wanne hy het to meche hete,
Hyt letteth charité.
Inne herte hys thys sennezinge,
And bounté scleweth mod,
Thor3 cheste and mys-doynge,
And wythdrawynge of god.
Covetyse hys the furte,
I-lyche dropesy,
Wanne al that hys an erthe
To hyre hys al besy.
And hou hy habbeth hy verkth,
And mannes herte by-set,
Fram Gode and so thanne name y-kezt
Servise of Mamenet.
That hy by herte senne
zet boutte schentth hy
To mochel amange mankenne,
Thor3 wrange and trycherye,
Thor3 zeskyngge efter gode,
Thor3 bor3 and zemer zelde,
Thorw wrechydnesse of mode,
And never more ful-felde.

The fyfte senne hys sleuthe
Of that man scholde do,
Hye breketh god treuthe
Wyth God and man also.
Wanne man leteth adrylle
That he god zelde schel,
And for-slaggyth by wylle
That scholde men to stel.
Of herte cometh thes senne,
And schewe boutte also,
Hou hy letteth mankenne
Of that scholde by do.
Hyt hys thorwe besynesse
That men for-slewyth hyt;
And other wyle thorȝ ydelnesse
God dede em do for-slyt.
Glotonye hys the syxte,
And hys me ine flesche y-do;
And lecherye the nyxte in flesche
Hys senne also.
Ac glotonye entythyth
To lecherye her,
Ase that hy norysseth
Hote brondes thet fere.
Of glotonye hys foure,
The boke speketh openlyche;
To meche fode devoury;
And to lykerouslyche;
An do to freche to fretene,
Wanne men hiis tyme heth;

And out of tyme to hetene,
That none siknesse neth.
Of lecherye cometh
Wreche, foule speche, and foule delyt,
Commune hordom,
Spousbreche, incest, and sodomye.
And hys incest wyth kenne
The lecherye so ;
And sodomyt hys senne
Azens kende y-do.
By-feld beth men in sleauthe,
Ase glotonye hyt bryngeth ;
And ofte hyt doth moni kepe,
That man wakyng thencketh.
Ac 3ef evyl hyt come nau3t
Dealyche senne next,
Ac hou hyt falleth y-lome nez,
Ech man nau3t y-wyst.
Thyse manere sennes sevene,
Ase he hys here i-se3eth,
Me letteth men fram hevene,
And al dedlyche hy beth.
Wanne hy y-thou3t beth other y-speke,
Other y-don in stat,
A3e the lawe of God to breke
The hestes that he hat.
Of alle the sennes tha ther beth,
Thos bereth that los ;
For everech senne that me doth
Longeth to some of thes.

Her-by thou myȝt, man, y-seo,
And hou here ende hys sour ;
Nou loke her-in *pur charité*,
And make hyt thy myrour.

*Oretis pro anima domini Willelmi de Schorham,
quondam vicarii de Chart juxta Ledes, qui composuit
istam compilacionem de septem mortalibus peccatis. Et
omnibus dicentibus oracionem dominicam cum saluta-
cione angelica quadraginta dies veniæ a domino Symone
archiepiscopo Cantuariæ conceduntur.*

MECHE hys that me syngeth and redeth
Of hyre that al mankende gladeth,
I-bore was here on erthe ;
And they alle speke, that speketh wyd tonge,
Of hyre worschype and murye sounge,
3et more he were worthe.

Thyse aungeles heryeth here wyth stevene,
Ase he hys hare quene of he[ve]ne.
And eke hare blysse ;
Over al erthe levedy hys here,
And thor3out helle geth here power,
Ase he hys emperysse.

Cause of alle thyse dignyté,
Thor3 clenness and humylyté,
Was Godes owene grace ;
Wer-thor3 he ber than hevene kynge,
Worschype hys worthy ine alle thyng
Ine evereche place.

Al that hys bove and under molde,
Hou my3t hyt bote hyt bowe scholde
To hyre owene mede ;
Wanne he that al thys wordle schel welde,
To hyre worschipe hys y-helde,
For here moderhede.

Al thyse maydenes wythout bost
Hy bereth God in here goste

In hare holy thouzt ;

Ac hy wythoute mannes y-mone
In body and nauzt in gost alone

To manne hyne broute.

Of hyre that hys thos dygne of take,
Hou myzte ich of hyre songes make,

That am so foul of lyve ;

And thou me bede, soster, synge,

And alle into one songe brynge

Here swete joyen fyve.

To segge that ich hyt maky can,

That am so oneconnende a man,

Dar ich me nauzt avanty ;

Ac tryste ich wolle to oure levedy,

And maky hyt ase hyt wyle by,

And ase hy hy wolde me granty.

As man me hys by leave y-seth,

Joyen of hyre so fele ther beth,

Ne may hyt no man telle,

Ase hy hath of hyre leve sone,

Hyt passeth al mankendes wone,

And out of mannes spelle.

Four manere joyen hy hedde here

Of hyre sone so lef an dere,

Wytnes opan the Godspelle ;

And al cometh ofte the blysse,
That hye heth nou wythoute mysse,
So stremes of the welle.

The wylle that hys in paradys
Fol wel by-tokneth thys avys,
Wyth here stremes foure,
Thet orneth out over al that londe,
Nys never erthlyche man that fond
Hou fele come of the stoure.

Thys wulle hys God self man by-come ;
Of hym thys joyen beth alle y-nome,
And alle ine nout maner.

The furste was wyth concepcioun,
Tho the angel Gabryel come a-doun
Ine stede of messenger,

To brynge the tythyng by-fore,
That Cryst of hyre wolde by bore,
Mannes trespas to zelde ;
For to brynge ous out of helle,
Wo mytte thenche other telle
Wat joye ther y-velde.

In Nazareth the ryche toun,
Ave Maria was that soun
Of Gabrieles stevene ;
Tho was that mayde was y-gret,
And wyth a present wel a-geet
Fram vader oure of hevene.

So he was ine hyre y-come,
For fleasch and blod of hyre to nome,
Ase the angel hyre seyde ;
Ne hy of mannes mone neste,
Ne hy ne breke nau3t hyre by-hestē,
Ac evere clene a mayde.

Seynt Johan the Baptyst onbore,
Tho hy spek hys moder by-fore,
Ine joye he gan to asprynge ;
Elyzabet wel that aspyde,
Hou aspylede onder hys syde,
And made hys rejoyynge.

More encheyson hadde oure levedy
Joyous and blythe for to be,
Wythoute prede and boste ;
For in hyre selve hy hyne fredde,
Fol wel hy wyste hou hyne hadde
Thor3 self the Holy Goste.

Joseph kedde that he was mylde,
Tho that he wyste hy was wyth chylde,
Awey he wolde alone ;
Ha nolde nau3t he were a-slawe,
Ne forthe y-juged by the lawe
To by stend wyth stone.

Ac Joseph was wel blythe aply3t,
So to hym cam the angel bry3t,
To segge hym wat he scholde ;

Wel blyththere myȝte be that may,
That was y-conforted al day
Wyth aungeles wanne hy wolde.

In thyssere joye we scholde by-louken
Al hyre joyen of vourti woken
The wylest he ȝede wyth chylde ;
Of hyre hyt was god game,
Ther-ine thet unicorn weks tame
That erthange was so wylde.

Thet other joye of hyre y-core,
Was of Jhesus of hyre y-bore
A Crystesmasse nyȝte,
Wythoute sorȝe, wythoute sore,
And so ne schal ther nevere more
Wymman wyth childe dyȝte.

For so hy hyne scholde ferst a-vonge,
Ther nys no senne ther amonge,
Ne noe flesches lykyng ;
Ther-fore of hyre y-bore he was,
Ase the sonne passeȝt thorȝ the glas,
Wyth-outen onopenynge.

In suathe-bendes hy hyne dyȝte,
Ase hyt hys the chylde ryȝte,
And ȝef hym melke to souke ;
Thaȝ hyt were thustre of nyȝt,
Ther nas wane of no lyȝt,
The hevene gan onlouke.

Out com an aungel wyth great loom
Into the feld of Bedleem,
Amonges the schoperden,
Te telle that Cryst was y-bore,
Ther come singinde ther-fore
Of angeles manye verden.

Thanne sede he swythe wel,
Gracia plena, Gabryel,
And that hys fol of grace ;
Wanne glorie of hyre hys fol above,
And pays i-grad for hyre love
Of angeles in-place.

The oxe and asse in hare manyour,
Tho that hy sezen hare creature
Lyggynde ine hare forage,
Alone knowynge thaȝ hy were,
Hy makede joye in hare manere,
And eke in hare langage.

Ope the heȝe eȝtynde day
He onder-ȝede the Gywen lay,
And was y-circumcysed.
Jesus me clepede hyne ther-vore,
Ase aungeles er he were y-bore
Hys eldren hedde y-wysed.

Mochele joye hy aspyde,
The kynges thre that come ryde
Fram be easte wel i-verre ;

Gold, myrre, scor, were here offrynges,
That he was lord and kyng of kynges
Wel by-toknede the sterre.

Tho that he scholde y-offred be
In the temple domini,
Ase laze 3ef the termes,
Symeon the olde man gan crye,
And spek of hym fur prophecye,
And tok hym ine hys earmes.

Tho 3e was bote twelf wynter ald,
And he3he ine the temple he seat wel bald,
And tha3 he speke smale,
Many man wondrede on hym there,
For to alle clerkes that ther were
He 3af answer and tale.

A-lyve vertu was hys childehode,
And so he com to hys manhode ;
Ine flom Jordanes syche
He was y-crystned, the hevene onleake,
The Fader of hevene doun to hym spake,
The Gost com colvere y-lyche.

To thyssere joye longye scholle
Alle the joyen that hyre folle,
Of hyre chylde God,
Fram than tyme he was y-bore,
For al mankende that was for-lore,
For he deyde one the roude.

The thrydde joye that com of Cryste,
Hadde oure levedy of hys op-ryste
Fram deathes harde bende,
Out of the sepulcre ther he laye,
Ase hyt fel thane thrydde daye
After hys lyves ende.

Wet joye of hym myzte be more,
After suiche sorzyng and swyche sore,
Ase hye y-seye hine feye,
Thanne i-size hyne come to lyve azen,
And everest more a-lyve to ben,
And nevere eft to deyze?

That he was lyf and strengthe and myzte,
And that he kedde on Estre nyzte,
Al ine the dawyyng,
Altha was an erthe-schoke,
And hevene above undertoke
Hys holy uppe-rysyng.

Thar doun come aungeles whyte ine wede,
And that he was a-ryse hy sede,
And hare sawe was trewe;
That he ne laye nauzt under molde,
For to asaye ho so wolde,
Thane ston hye over-threwe.

Thaz that he ine hys manhoth deyde,
Dominus tecum that a seyde,
Tho the aungel here by-redde;

That hys to seggene Godes myzte,
Ine ryzte sothe hyt moste sitte,
That godhoth wel hyt kedde.

Nedde oure levedy thyse blysse alone,
Ac al hyre frendes in hyre mone,
So meche was here the more ;
For more hys blysse god and clene,
Amonge frendes to habbe y-mene,
After sorzynge and sore.

O that hy were blythe, tho hye were sizen,
So glorious a-lyve wyth hare ezen,
Thet hy y-seye er in paygne ;
Furste aschewed hym wyth a fayre chaunce,
To here thet hys ensample of repentaunce,
Marye Magdaleyne.

And so hygeye hyne Peter and sothenes hy alle ;
And ther Thomas of Ynde a kowes y-falle
Cropped hys holy wounde ;
Thare he fond flesche and blod myd the bones,
An nou he gan to crye loude for the nones,
“My Lord ich abbe y-founde.”

Houre Lord hym answerde in thet cas,
“Thou levedest, for thou seze me, Thomas,
That thou me haddest y-founde,
Ac, Thomas, ich the telle, y-blessed hy beth,
Tho that on me by-leveth and nauzt me seth,
Ne gropyeth none wounde.”

To thyssere joyen scholle be y-leyd
Alle the joyen that moze be y-seyd,
Ine wyttes other in mende;
Fram Crystes resurreccioun,
Wat cometh hys ascencioun,
At fourty dazen ende.

Ne for the joye telle ich may,
That fel opon the Holy Thoresday,
Opon a mounte yne heze;
He sez Jhesus and othere some,
Of flesche and blod of hyre y-nome,
Op into hevene steze.

Al ine joye was hyre mende,
So hy seze here and oure kende
Jhesus, hyre leve sone,
Into the blysse of hevene sty,
To agrede worthy scholde hy be
At hyre assumpcioun.

And zet ne were hyt nozt y-noz,
One to agrede hyre looz
And hez ine hevene blysse;
Ac oure also, hyt nis non other,
For he hys oure kende brother,
That leve we to wysse.

Ine hym ne schalt hyt nauzt lang be,
That we to hym ne scholle te,
Wanne we scholle wende hennes;

Ac schel on ous, that beth onkende,
Ne drazeth nauȝt hys love to mende,
And wretheth hyne wyth sennes.

And ȝet he hys milde, and sparyeth some,
And ase he wente op he wole come
A domesday wel bryȝte;
For to crye manne dede,
And after dede ȝive mede,
And jugement to ryȝtte.

Betere red nys ther non here,
For to be Crystes y-vere,
And hyȝ ine hevene blysse;
Bote folthe of senne to by-vly,
And bydde God and oure levedy,
That hy ous helpe and wysse.

For hyre poer nys nouȝt y-lessed,
Ac toup alle othren hys y-blessed,
Sothe wyf and mayde;
Ase that Godspel telleth ous,
Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
Elizabeth hyt sayde.

Al here joyen a lok Sounday,
And alle the that me aspye may,
That hyre and erthe felle,
Al fram Crystes ascencioun,
Al wat comthe hyre assumpcioun,
To thyssere lounȝy schelle.

The fyfte joye of oure levedy,
Not erlychman hou hyt may by
 Ne ther-of more aspye,
Bote that the gloriouse beerde,
Out of thyse world the gloriouse ferde
 Wyth greate melodye.

Eve couth to the man hys thes figure,
For the offyce of hyre sepulture
 Was al an hevene gyse ;
And toller hys man to hevene speche,
Thane be abest, thaȝ man hym teche,
 Reyson and mannes wyse.

Ther-fore nys ther-of naut y-wryte,
For man ne mot nouȝt her y-wyte
 Wat hys so heȝ a stevene ;
Ac holy cherche der wel by-knowe,
That hy ne tholedede none deathes throȝe,
 That lower that lyf of hevene.

Hyt hys y-wryte that angeles brytte
To holy manne deathe alyȝte
 Her an erthe leye ;
In holy boke hys hyt i-nome,
That God hymself a wolde come,
 Wanne hy scholde deye,

Ther-bye we mowe wel y-wyte,
Thaȝ ther he nauȝt of y-wryte,
 That Cryst hymself was there ;

Myd hym of hevene the ferede,
The eadi levedy for to lede,
Most here no fend offere.

Hy wente uppe, my leve brother,
In body and soule, hyt nys non other,
For Cryst hys god and kende ;
That body that he toke of hys o3en,
Hou mytte hyt ligge amange the lo3en,
Wythoute honour and mende.

Thanne ich dar segge, mid gode ry3te,
That alle the court of hevene a-ly3te
Attare departynge ;
And Cryst hymself a3eins hyre com,
And body and saule op wyth hym nom
Into hys wonyynge.

That hy hys quen, ase ich er mende,
Here grace hy may doun to ous sende,
Hire joye to fol-velle ;
Ich hopye hy nele nau3t let ous spylle,
For he hys al to hyre wylle
Of joye that hys the welle.

For of hyre wombe he hys that frut,
Were-of thes angeles habbeth hare dut,
And men hare holy fode ;
Elizabeth hy sede thys,
Et benedictus fructus ventris
Tui, Jesus the gode.

Of songe hys to then ende y-brout,
 Ase thou hest, soster, me by-sozt,
 Ase ich hene myztte frede.
 Now synge and byde the hevene quene,
 Thet hy ous brynge al out of tene
 At oure mest nede. Amen.

*Oretis pro anima Willelmi de Schorham, quondam
 vicarii de Chart juxta Ledes.*

MARYE, mayde mylde and fre,

Chambre of the Trynyté,

One wyle lest to me,

Ase ich the grete wyth songe ;

Thaȝ my fet onclene be,

My mes thou onder-fonge,

Thou art quene of paradys,

Of hevene, of erthe, of al that hys ;

Thou bere thane kynge of blys,

Wythoute senne and sore ;

Thou hast y-ryȝt that was a-mys,

Y-wonne that was y-lore,

Thou ert the colvere of Noe,

That broute the braunche of olyve tre,

In tokne that pays scholde be

By-tuexte God and manne ;

Swete levedy, help thou me,

Wanne ich schal wende hanne.

Thou art the bosche of Synay ;

Thou art the rytte Sarray ;

Thou hast y-brouȝt ous out of cry

Of calenge of the fende ;

Thou art Crystes oȝene drury,

And of Davyes kende.

Thou ert the slinge, thy sone the ston,
That Davy slange Golye opon;
Thou ert the 3erd al of Aaron,
 Me dreye i-se3 spryngynde;
Wytnesse at ham everechon,
 That wyste of thyne chyldyng.

Thou ert the temple Salomon;
In the wondrede Gedeon;
Thou hest y-gladed Symeon,
 Wyth thyne swete offrynge
In the temple atte auter ston,
 Wyth Jhesus hevene kynge,

Thou ert Judith, that fayre wyf,
Thou hast abated al that stryf,
Olofernes wyth hys knyf
 Hys hevede thou hym by-nome;
Thou hest y-saved here lef,
 That to the wylle come.

Thou ert Hester, that swete thyng,
And Assever, the ryche kynge,
They heth y-chose to hys weddyng,
 And quene he heth a-vonge;
In Mardocheus, thy derlyng,
 Syre Aman was y-honge.

The prophete Ezechyel,
In hys boke, hyt wytnesseth wel,
Thou ert the gate so stronge so stel,

Ac evere y-schet fram manne ;
Thou erte the ryzte nayre Rachel,
Fayrest of alle wymman

By ryzte toknyng, thou ert the hel
Of wan spellede Danyel ;
Thou ert Emaus, the ryche castel,
Thar resteth alle werye ;
Ine the restede Emanuel,
Of wany speketh Ysaye.

Ine the hys God by-come a chyld ;
Ine the hys wreche by-come myld ;
That unicorn that was so wyld
Aleyd hys of a cheaste,
Thou hast y-tamed and i-styld
Wyth melke of thy breste.

Ine the Apocalyps sent Johan
I-sez ane wymman wyth sonne by-gon,
Thane mowe al onder hyre ton,
I-crouned wyth tuel sterre ;
Swyl a levedy nas nevere non,
Wyth thane fend to werre.

Ase the sonne taketh hyre pas
Wythoute breche thor3out that glas,
Thy maydenhod onwemmed hyt was
For bere of thyne chylde ;
Now, swete levedy of solas,
To ous senfolle be thou mylde.

Have, levedy, thys lytel songe,
 That out of senfol herte spronge;
 Azens the feend thou make me stronge,
 And 3yf me thy wyssynge;
 And tha3 ich habbe y-do the wrange,
 Thou graunte me amendynge.

*Oretis pro anima domini Roberti Grosseteyte quon-
 dam episcopi Lincolnie.*

IN holy sauter me may rede,
Hou God thourwe the prophete sede,
Davyd, y-wysse,
That fol in hys herte sede,
Ther nys no Gode, dar man nauzt drede
To don amys.

Thesse hyt hys, so hyt hys grete doute,
That thare be woxe of thare route
Mani and fole,
That weneth ryt wythoute mysse
That ther nys God ine hevene blysse,
Ne lelle pool.

That eny soche be crystene man,
God for-bede, and nauzt for-than
Wey soeth al day,
That menye y-crystnedde were
Fareth ryt ase hy nere
Nauzt of the fay.

And manye of ham that beth so fele,
That thaz me godne scele hem telle,
Nauzt hyzt ne ganth;
Azen hy clappeth thys and that,
And manye of ham not nevere wat,
Ne wat he menth.

To sechen hyt hys wel lytel prys,
Reyson to telle thet hys y-wys,
Ac lete ham be ;
For bote hy take a betere fay,
Atte last hy goth to schame a-way,
Me may hyt see.

Ac 3ef thou wenst, man, that errour,
That thare ne be no Sauveour,
Ne other lyf,
And hyt be for defaute of lore,
Lest now wat ich segge more,
Wythoute stryf.

And 3ef thou [be] y-lered man,
And onderstant 3et al for-than
No God ne be,
Ich acsy the a questioun,
And ase hyt longeth to reysoun
Andswere thou me.

The erthe hys hevy wythoute wylle,
That wey y-seoth and by al styлле
To gonne throp ;
What hou fareth hy that hy nasynketh,
Ase here kende were hyt thenketh,
Ho halt ys op ?

Her-to me seyth, and heth y-sed,
To healde hy op hyt nys no ned,
Ne nevere nes ;

For chisel gravet stones harde,
Ande here depnyssse ryzt doun-warde
Hys endeles.

Thaȝ that be fals, me may aspye,
By wytnesse of philosophye,
And clerkes fele ;
And fals ich may hit provie wel,
Ther hyt hys ned, and were ich schol,
By thysse skyle.

The sonne and monne and many sterren
By easte aryseth swythe ferren,
Ase ham y-worthe ;
By weste hy grendeth alle thyse,
And cometh aȝen ther hy a-ryse
A under forthe.

Thos myzt wete wel, wo so wolde,
The wolkne by-clepth al the molde,
And so hyt doth ;
Ne may hy nauȝt thanne be endeles,
That thos be go so hys and was,
An that hys southe.

Ac saye ryzt thos, and ich afowe,
That everech man hyt mozt alowe,
That reson hent,
Hyzt hys a myzt of alle myztte,
That halt op therthe and sterren bryzte
Aboute i-trent.

Thys ilke mytte, for hyt wel may,
Bryngeth forthe a wyt of swete aray,
Thet no swech nys ;
For al that hys an heȝ and loȝe,
Hit schift and ditteth ase hys oȝe,
And so hyt hys.

Wat maketh sonne, mone, and sterren
To certeyn go aboute and ferren,
And faylleth nouȝt ?
Hyt mot wyt and wysdom neade,
Thet of the mytte thet ich er sede
Hys forthe arȝt.

Nou thou sixte wel hou hyt syt,
Thys ylke myȝte and eke thys wyt,
In oure boke ;
The mytte hys fader of our crede,
Wysdom the sone, for wyttihede
That he forth toke.

Ever was thys ylke myȝtte,
And ever worth, bye gode ryte,
Ne say nauȝt nay ;
Hou mytte hyt and eft by-gynne,
Thet nede neth of none gynne,
Ac al do mey ?

And ase hyt hys by-fore y-nome,
Thaȝ that wyt of the mytte
By kende wey ;

That wyt was evere natheles,
The myȝtte nys never wytles,
Ne by ne may.

Her-to acordeth oure fay,
That holy cherche neȝ eche day
Wel merye syngth,
Ine a song ofte by note,
Quicumque vult thet hys y-hote,
Ryȝt ase me singeth.

For ther hyt of the Vader seyth,
And of the Sone to-gadere leyth,
In boke y-set ;
The Sone hys of the Fader alone,
Engendred nauȝt, y-mad of mone,
Nes othe wat.

Folye hyt hys to meche to thynche
Of the engendrure and thynne adrenche
Of Fader and Sone ;
So ase hy bethe, ever were,
And sothe by-ȝete nevere nere,
Elles me wone.

Ac nauȝt forth than that hyt be soth
Holy cherche to wytene doth,
We wyten hyt wel ;
I-lef hyt, other thou ert by-caut,
For ho that nele by-leve hyt nauȝt,
To helle he schel.

And thelke Sone 3et natheles
Ry3t ase the Fader hys endeles,
Ase my3t and wyt ;
3ef ever was, ever was sone,
For bethe reysoun and eke wone
Aloweth hyt.

Nou we habbeth Vader and Sone,
Ase hye beth ry3t ine persone,
And thancheysone ;
Wat may the Holy Gost nou be,
Persone thrydde in Trynyté,
Nou herkne reysone.

Thou sixt thet al that farth a-ry3t,
Be hyt thyster, be hyt ly3t,
To acord hys wyve ;
For 3ef ther were weyre above
Amange the sterren, and no love,
Al hy to-dryve.

And bote a truwe love come
Of thare my3tte and tha wysdome,
Ne my3t hyt by ;
And ry3t of ham he moste come,
For wer-of elles te be y-nome
Can non y-sy.

Ever to lef that love were,
For my3tte and wysdom never nere,
Wythoute acord ;

For 3ef acord hem hedde y-faylled,
Ar ayder other hedde asaylled
Wyth wykked word,

Hou scholde my3tte maky wrake,
Other eny descord onder-take,
Wyth e3e wyt ?

So nest ac ever weren hy,
Thanne moste love ever by,
Nou thou sixt hyt.

Thys love hys self that holy spyryt,
Ther-to acordeth holy wry3t,
Ine thylke songe,
That ich was embe oure faye,
That holy cherche singeth a-daye
At pryme longe.

The holy of Fader ryche,
And of the Sone of other y-lyche,
So he for-comthe,
Nother by hete ne forthe i-wro3t
Of a3t that hys, ne forthe of nau3t,
By lawe hyt nometh.

And ever was that holy spyry3t,
That ylke songe wytnesseth hyt,
And more ther-to ;
That hy schal by and hys and was,
That Fader of hevene ry3t endeleas,
And Sone also.

3et our by-leave wole onder-gon,
That thyse thre beth ry3t al on,
And nys no wronge ;
Tha3 hy be ine reyson dyvers,
O God hyt hys, and stent in vers
Ine thulke songe.

Tha3 my3te, wysdom, and eke love,
Hy thre by ase ich sede above
Divers ine worke ;
Ine hem self o God hy beth,
Nys non that a3t elles y-seth,
So god clerke.

And natheles ofte hy beth y-blend,
Thyse clerkes wyth here argument,
Ande gynneth lye ;
Hare a3e wyt hys hym by-kecheth,
That God so sotylleche secheth,
That syt so heze.

The Fader hys God, for he may alle ;
The Sone hys swete, for he wot alle,
Wythout crye ;
The Gost hys God that oneth al ;
3et ne beth hy bote o God al,
Nau3t Godes thry.

Tha3 my3tte be to the Fader y-leyd,
And wysdome of the Sone y-seyd,
And love the Goste ;

3et beth hy thre of one my3tte,
Of one wytte and love ly3tte,
Thor3 faythe hyt wost.

Nou thou syxt wel that encheysone
Of oure by-leve, and eke reysone,
Thet o God hys ;
3ef thou thenkest forther hou hyt may be,
Go nau3t to ni3 hys majesté,
To thenche a-mys.

Nou hys al thys by skele ondo,
And by leave alegged ther-to,
That God hys he ;
Now we moste y-wyte more
Of thyse wordle some lore,
How hy3t may be.

Fader, thy worldle ever were,
Other a some tyme nere,
And tho by-gan ;
Everte mytte hy nau3t by,
Ich schal the telle reyson wy,
Sothe ase ich can.

For Godes my3tte ande eke hys wyt,
And eke hys wylle to soffry hy3t,
So were wo3 ;
For 3e hys almytty, ase ich er sede,
Al wys and wyl ine godhede,
That hys y-no3.

Ac 3ef he nedde thys world y-wrou3t,
And my3te and couthe and dede hy3t nou3t,

Hyt were a-mys ;

Ac hys almy3tty hys of suche entaylle,
And hys almytty hou mytte hyt faylle,
Of thet god hys.

He made hyt al, nys hyt non other,
And that of nau3te, my leve brother,

He made hys werke ;

For er he a-gounne hys worke so merye,
Nas nother fourme ne materye,
Ne ly3t ne derke.

Ne acombrenau3t thy wyt and mo,
To meche to thenche hou hyt was tho,
Hyt nau3t worth.

Hou man hyt my3te wete ich not,
For so to wytene ase God hyt wot,
Comest thou nau3t forthe.

Ac some mey acsy, war God was
Tho nothyng of the worlde nas
Ne great ne smal ?

Ther the worlde hys nou was he,
And 3et he hys and ever schal be,
I-hole over al.

He hedde nede of none gynne,
Ne 3et hou neth, to wonye ynne,
Thou kepe nym ;

3ef the faly throf to be aposed,
Sey God nys nau3t in ther worldle a-closed,
Ac hy hys ine hym.

Tha3 hy nabbe ende ne forthe gol,
3et over al he hys y-hol,
Wythoute crede ;
Nau3t o del here, another there,
Ase great body as hyt were,
That al by-3ede.

Thou wost he may by y-tho3t of me
Alle y-hollyche, and eke of the ;
Wel betere ich ply3te,
He may by wel ine dyvers lo3,
Ry3t al at ones, wel y-no3,
That deith hys my3tte.

Thyse wordle he made, as ich er sede,
Al ase hy hys ry3t nou ine dede,
And lo3 and he3 ;
Ine the gynynge of holy wryt,
Hou he hy made ry3t ther hyt sy3t,
Ich hyt y-se3e.

Ine dazes sixe he made hyt ry3t,
Hevene and erthe and wolkne bry3t,
Thet water to dy3t ;
Tren and gras and erthe dre3e,
Sonne and mone and sterren grey3e,
That beth so bry3t ;

Fozeles, fisches ine the depe,
Bestes, wormes for to crepe,
And a-last man ;

So that hyt was god and sad,
Al thys world that was y-mad,
Of hym that cam.

Al hyt was god, wythoute lake,
Hard and nesche, wyte and blacke,
And al that was.

Nedes Godes creature
Moste be ryzt by nature,
Al sennes led.

3ef quead so were of Gode y-nome,
By ryztte he myztte be wythnome,
Ryzt ase a qued.

Ther-fore ne myzte he nauzt do wrothe,
Ac schrewadnesse beth hym lothe,
And hys for-beade.

And thesse God self hyt for-beade,
Wannes cometh forthe al that quead,
So meche ther hys ?

And wel to donne apanyeth neawe,
Ac hym apayneth many a screwe
To do amys.

That God hyt soffreth, hou meny hyt be,
Seththe of so great myztte hys he,
Thet 3ef ha wolde,

He myȝtte vor-do that hys quead,
And lete ous libbe, and nauȝt be dead,
Hyt thingth ha scholde.

Leve brother, ȝef he so scholde,
By the syker that he so wolde,
Ac he hyt nele;
Ich kan the telle reyson wy
He let y-worthe quead to by,
Nou harkne skele.

That alther-ferste that god schop,
That was hevene, ther nys no wop,
Soth for to telle;
For he hyt made of swyche aray,
For alle manere blysse and play
Ther to folfelle.

Ac o blysse hys nys nauȝt folfeld,
War-fore that hevene hys al y-dueld,
And ȝet nou werth;
Ac ich schel telle wat hys that blysse,
And so we scholle wyte to wysse
Hou quead cometh forthe.

ȝef the by-falthe avencement,
Of ȝef the that the was y-ment,
Wel blythe art thou;
And ȝef the falleth to be eyr
Of a regne mechel and fayr,
More hys thy prou.

Ac nys no blysse ne no feste
Azeyns the joye of conqueste,
Thet hys thorȝ god ;
Ne mey me more joye aspye,
Thane wanne a man thorȝ pur mestrye
Keth hys manhod.

And to great defaute hyt were,
ȝef no joye of conqueste nere,
So merye hys hy.
Nou sixt thou thanne mytte beste,
How joye that cometh of conqueste
Mot neades by.

Nys grypt stryf wythoute queade,
And ther conqueste hys, stryf hys neade,
And som y-schent.
Thanne nys hyt to God no wrang,
To soffre queade the gode amange
To advancement.

For ȝef quead nere in none thyng,
Ther nere stryf ne contekynge,
Ne no wythsey ;
And ȝyf stryf nere ne victorye,
So scholde ine hevne that glorye,
Ac hyt ne mey.

Ther-fore ther hys a mastrye schreawe,
Wyth hym mo beth and thet nauȝt neawe,
And neades mote ;

For he hys heaved of schrewednesse,
Ase God hys cheaf of alle godnesse
And alle bote.

Hou mytte schreaudnesse by,
Bote scherewen were by,

That hy ferst thouzte?
For God ne dede no quead in dede,
For al was god, ase ich er sede,
Al that he wroute.

Thes ilke screawe so hys hyzt barn,
That into helle God at arn

Ferst for hys prede;
Ac God hyne makede fayr y-noz,
Bryzt ande schene and hezest in loz,
Ferst ine hys dede.

Ac are he were y-mad parfyt,
Ase Gode soffrede hyzt,
He waux wel proud;
He wolde sette hys sete ryche
Of north half, and be God y-lyche,
To be alowed.

And so he werry ferst by-gan
Wyth Gode ine hevene, and zet te than
Other wel fele,

Wyth hym that helde wyth alle myztte,
Angeles that God hedde y-mad bryztte,
Ine alle wele.

Luci

Marked Luc.

Thys by-ganne schrewednesse,
Op an heȝ ine hevene blysse,
The ferste day ;
Hyȝt moste neades for the glorye,
Elles hedde y-faylled fycorye,
Ac hyt ne may.

Shur (Ac alle hy weren y-dryven out,
Wyth Lucyfer that was so stout,
Thoȝr Godes myȝtte ;
Hy that ne hylde wyth the left,
Stale woxe that nevere eft
Sene ȝy ne myȝtte.

Tuo skeles beth that me may wyte,
That none nere y-mad parfyte
Ine hevene ferst,
Er the bataylle y-ended was
By-twexte God and Sathanas,
That now hys worst.

O reyson was for angeles gode,
That chose a-ryȝt and faste stode
At thylke dede ;
For that hy scholde thoȝr pur coqueste
Habbe joye evere to leste
For hare mede.

That other reyson was for the devel,
That he schal to mys-wende hys chevel,
Thoȝr hys malyce ;

So that folveld were the glorye,
And hym seelf thorȝ noble victorie
Lys al hy blysse.

ȝef hy heade be mad parfȝt,
We nedde y-haved ryȝt no profȝt
Ine hevene above ;
Nou schal man be in hare loȝ,
Ande habbe joye and blysse y-noȝ,
And pes and love.

And seththe hyt moste nides by,
Thet sothe schrewen were hy,
Ase gode hyt mente ;
Hou yst thet hy ine helle slabbeth,
And thare tou none grace nabbeth
To repente.

Suppose here hys o justyse,
God and truwe in alle wyse,
And wys of rede ;
And dampneth theves for to ordeyne
Peys in londe, nauȝt so weyne,
Ne for quoadhevede.

Suppose he that schel hem spylle,
And hongeth hy wyth grete wylle,
And hys wel glad ;
Ne he neth reuche of hys eny Cryste,
Thaȝ hy nevere of thef the neste,
Thes hys a quead.

For that he hys manslez the pur,
Of wylle of mysaventure,
To spylle blod;
And he that mente hyt that justyse,
Hys to preysy in thysse wyse
For hys wyl god.

So thou sixte that me may dyzte
Quead for gode, and that wyth ryzte,
And so me deth.

And hy that doth hyt ine deade,
Wyth hare wyl of schrewedhede,
Dampnable beth.

Thos moze we wel by reysoun scheawe,
That tha; God soffrede such a schreawe
Al for to spylle,

Hyt was for gode, ase ich er sede;
And Lucyfer, in hys mys-dede,
Was wykke of wylle.

And thare-vore dampnable he hys,
For he was to don amys

Tho that he myzte;
And God soffred that ylke dede,
For god come throf, ase ich er sede,
As God hyzt dyzte.

Ne hyt nys of god ne malyce,
The; he hym soffrede lasse hys blysse,
In alle hys wele;

Al that he thorȝ hys grace myȝtte,
Habbe y-don hym wilni that ryȝtte,
Now harkne skele.

Hyt ou by-come ine eche place,
ȝef echynge hadde y-lyche grace,
To joye and blysse ;
And ich mey ȝyven, and eke wythdraȝe,
Al that myn myn hys by gode laȝe,
Wythoute malyce.

Ne may nauȝt thanne God also
War he wyle hys grace do,
And eke wyth-draȝe,
ȝef he wole, wythout malyce,
And wythoute alle manere vyce ?
Nys nys god laȝe ?

ȝes, y-wys, god laȝe hys,
Thet hyt be al ase hys wyl hys,
Hyt wyle wel by-come ;
Nys non that conne dyȝte hyt bet,
Al thaȝ hyt thenche wel ou net,
Hys wyl to some.

Ther that God wyle grace ȝyve,
Ever to libbe hyt mot leve
Ine savement ;
And thar he wyle wyth grace wythdraȝe,
Nys nauȝt malyce, ac hyt hys laȝe
And jugement.

Ac wy he graunteth grace to one,
 And soche and otheren grauntyeth none,
 Segge ich ne kanne ;
 Bote thet hys hys pryveté
 Of hys domes in equityté
 Wyth wel to thanne.

For ther nys nouzt of thysse wylle
 Her to jugy, ac be we styлле,
 We beth y-lete ;
 For Davyd ous to wyten deth,
 In boke, that Godes domes beth
 A groundlyas pet.

For hys ne may no wyt areche,
 Bot tho thet hym self wyle teche,
 He scheawyth hy ;
 And the hevele hy beth pryvé,
 Al that y-ordeyned beth he
 Mot neadys by.

Thus the devel y-dampned hys,
 And wyth hym also that beth hys,
 Develen wel mo ;
 For that the grace of God hym faylleth,
 Moche hys the pyne that hem eyleth,
 And eke the who.

Wy hy ne mowe, ase ich er sede,
 Wel repenty of hare mys-dede,
 Lest enne skele,

*Luthe
nicht allen*

*Luthe
Galen*

That ich schal segge, ase ich can ;
Mo beth at thet longy te man,
Ne beth nauzt fele.

Swythe fayr thynges hys that wyte,
And ther by-syde bloke alyte
Wel y-dryzt ;
The wyte the vayrer hyt maketh,
And selve more hyt blaketh,
And al hyt hyzt.

The wyser man, the wyser soneth ;
Ther thet menye foules dremeth,
And no reysone ;
The merrer hyt hys ine batayle,
Thet insykth al the vomen faylle,
And falle a-doun.

Thys lykynges hys for hevene blysse,
That leste schal wythoute mysse,
Ase evere mo ;
Thar hys so meche the more merye,
The develys that me nauzt ne derye
And helle also.

Hy thet ther beth so more y-sy,
Wat peryl ascaped bey hy,
And be the blythere ;
So that folveld the joye nere,
Bote evere helle pyne were
And thrynne withere.

Ac wo beth werther for to by
Ever in o helle, thane by

Ther sech gelt hys ?

Thenne may be wel thys skele,
Thaȝ grace fayllth ham to wole,
No wonder nys.

And ase angeles the faste stode,
For hever eft by-come gode,

And glad and blythe ;

Ryȝt develen for screawedhede
Ever ine force scholle brede,
And wrethe and nythe.

Ac tho hy hedde ine hevene y-topped,
Wy nedde hy be ine helle y-stopped
For evere mo,

Ac nauȝt her in thys myddelnerde,
For to maky men offerde,
And to mys-do ?

For tho hye weren out y-cached,
And ouȝt of hare loȝ arached,
For hare senne ;

We moȝe weten hyt wel y-nou,
That ase ydel was hare loȝ,
That hy weren ynne.

And one by comeleche thyng hyt were,
ȝeȝ eny boȝ ther lothy were
Servynde of nouȝt ;

Thar-fore God made mannes schefte,
That ylke loȝ al for to crafte,
As God hyȝt thoute.

Ac manne ne mytte nauȝt the glorie
Crefte wythoute victorie,
My leve brother ;
For ȝef he nadde hyȝt thorȝ conquete,
Folfeld ne mytte be hys feste,
Al ase another.

Thare-fore God made hym god and wys,
And mayster over al paradys,
Ac nauȝt parfyt ;
For o trou thynne God for-bead,
Ase he nolde nouȝt be dead,
Nauȝt take hyt.

And god reyson was that hevere
Nauȝt parfyt ase other were
To-vore y-sed ;
Ac ase he was y-mad of erthe,
Ryt here an erthe hyt was wel worthe
He were asayd.

Ther-fore nas helle nauȝt y-schet,
Ne develyn ther-inne nauȝt y-dut,
Ine thare crybbe ;
For that hy scholde man asaye,
Wather he was worthe for to deye,
Other to libbe.

Ac tho the devel hyt aspyde,
That man hym scholde ther abyde
 To be assayde,
He thouzte gyle al onder-go,
For of thet he hadde her y-do
 He was affrayde.

Nas wonder thaȝ he wede affrayd,
For swythe wel he was anayd
 Of mannes stad.
For after God semblant he bere,
And he thouzte a thet hym wel er,
 Tho he was y-mad.

Ac hys envie aȝeins man
So great by-cometh, thet al for-than
 He nolde lette,
That he nold man afounde,
And an hym bote he mytte stonde,
 Hys venym sente.

And dede hym in an addre wede,
That best was of mest schreuhede
 Of alle beste ;
Hyt moste neades screwed by-come,
Tho that hy hedde me hym y-nome
 Soche a tempest.

And he gan to the trowe glyde,
That was for-boden, al forte abyde
 After hys praye.

Ac sore hym drade for to faylly,
And dorste nauȝt Adam asaylly,
Al for to waye.

Ac wel hym thouȝte that Eve nas
Nauȝt so stedefast ase Adam was,
That was hyre lorde;
And ase hy come, he gan here knowe,
And to hyre speke out of the trowe
Thys ylke word :

“Leve Dame, say me now,
Wy heth God for-bode hyt now,
Thet he ne mote
Eten of al that frut that hys
Here growynde in paradys
To ȝoure bote?”

Eve's Verfynnyng

“We eteth y-nou,” quath Eve, “y-wys
Of alle the trowes of paradys,
And beth wel glad;
Bote thys trow mote we nauȝt take,
For bothe me and mynne make
God hyt for-bede.

And seyde ȝef we ther-of ete,
We scholde deye and lyf for-lete,
And alle blysse.”

“Nay,” quath the fend, “ac ȝo ne scholde;
Ac he wot fol wel wet he wolde
That for-bead thys.

*Sallan
verffucken* { 3e wot wel 3ef 3e ther-of toke,
Wyth ezen scholde 3e forth loke,
Ryzt ase godes ;
And conne bothe god and quead,
And never the rather be dead
For hys for-bodyes."

Thos he gan hyre herte ablowe,
And hy sez that frut ine the trowe
Was fayr and god ;
And et throf dame lykerouse,
And maden eke eten hyt hyre spouse ;
Hy weren wode.

Anon opened ther bothe hare ezen,
And naked that hy weren y-sezen,
And woxe of-schamed ;
Wyth leaves hy helete hem ther-fore,
Ne mytte hy noseng be for-bore
To be y-blamed.

Ac tho hy herde God speke,
Wel sone an hal by-gonne threke
Wer thet hy mytte.

"Adam !" quath God "wer myztou be ?"
Queth he, "Lord, tho we herde the,
We were of flyzte ;

And nedes moste, Lord, to sothe,
Al for that we beth naked bothe,
Ase vole thynges."

Queth God, "Ho hath y-scheawed 3ou
That he beth bothe naked nou,
Bote 3oure otinges?"

Sede Adam wytherlyche to Gode,
"Nedde ich y-broke nau3t thy for-bode,
Ne nau3t do so,
Nedde the wymman, Lord, y-be,
That to felaze thou madest me,
Hyt dede hyt me hyt do."

So seyde God Almy3ty to Eve,
"Wy madest thou man mys-beleve,
And thous mys-went?"
Ac tho seyde Eve, so wey that wyle,
"The eddre, Lord, wyth hyre gyle
Heth ous y-schent."

Tho by-gan God speke to that worm,
"For thou areredst therne storm
And alle thys hete,
Acorsed be thou bestes by-syde,
Opone thy wombe thou schalt glyde,
And erthe frete.

And ich schal makye contekhede
By-tuyce thyne and wyves sede,
And moche to pleny.
So schal thy power be by-reved,
That 3ef schal wymman trede thine heved,
And thou hyre wayti."

*Shape the
soldarye*

So sede he, "Wymman here lere,
Hou hy scholde al hyre children bere
Ine sorze and stryf;
And thet hy scholde lybbe her
Evere ine mannes daunger,
Al hyre lyf."

To Adam seyde God of hevene,
"For thou dedest by thine wyves stevene
Thet was for-hote,
Ther hys acorsed ine thyne deade,
In swinched then schalt thy lyf leade,
And ete ine swote.

Al wat thou art azen y-come
Into erthe that thart of y-nome,
Thor3 deathes bende;
For thou nart bote of poudre y-welt,
And azen into poudre schelt,
Manne, at thyne ende."

Thor3 the fend that hys oure vo,
Thos by-ganne ferst al oure wo
Thet we beth inne;
An thos by-ganne ferst trecherye,
Thor3 the feend, and eke onnye
Manne for to wynne.

And wondervol was thys assay,
And wonderlyche zede man away
Lyztlyche y-lore;

And wonderlyche ȝet forth myt than
Her ine thys world hys ever man
To sorwe y-bore

Ac, crystene man, for al thys wounder,
Loke that thou ne go nauȝt onder,
Thouȝ wantrokyng; ;
For sothe apreved hys thys saȝe,
Bothe by the elde and nywe laȝe,
Wythoute lesyng.

And skefol was thys ordinaunce,
Thaȝ man by-volle so hard a chaunce,
Thorȝ trycherye ;
For thorȝ mestrye that he vorth droȝ,
The feend in hevene has hys loȝ,
Thorȝ pur mastrye.

Ryȝt also tho he gyle thouȝte,
For to bryng man to noȝte
Pryvelyche ;
God Almyȝty that hys wyl wylste,
Aȝeyns hym thoȝte go by lyste
Also stylyche.

For ine the trowe death was kene,
And that God made wel y-sene,
Thet hyt for-bead.

And ȝe weste that God hyt sede,
ȝef man throf ete he scholde awede,
And eke be dead.

Ac lyf was also ine the trowe,
Ac that ne myzte be nauzt y-knowe,
For God hyt hedde ;
For hyt was pryvé for a wyle,
Aze the fendes privé gyle
The man for-ledde.

For nauzt nas hyt y-cleped ne hys
Trou of lyve in paradys ;
Ac wyste,
For ase man was thorȝ trowe by-couzt,
In trowe he scholde be for-bouzt,
That the fende neste.

And that was ine the holy rode,
Thorȝ the schewynge of the blode
Of Godes sone ;
Ase ich her-after telle may,
That he tok of a clene may,
Azens wone.

Hedde he wyst ther hedde y-be
Lyf for-boute ine the appel-tre,
He nedde assaylled
Nother Adam ne non of hys ;
Ac are the worlde was and hys
Was y-conseyled.

God wyste wel that man schold erry,
And thorȝ onboxamnesse nerry
Fram alle healthe ;

Ther-fore that consayl was wel trye,
Aȝeyns the feendes foule envie
To abatye welthe.

Thys consayl hou hyt scholde be,
Al was y-consayled of thre,
Ere eny tyme ;
Of Fader, and Sone, and Holy Gost,
That ich was embe that thou wel wost
Ferst in thyse ryme.

And was that conseyl so y-tayled,
That hyt ne myȝte habbe faylled,
To bote of manne ;
And certeyn tyme y-set ther-to,
And hou hyt scholde be y-do,
And wer and wanne.

And her mankende swank and dalf,
Fyȝf thousand wynter and an half,
And ȝet wel mo,
Er thane the tyme of lyve come,
And death man hedde for hys dome,
And helle also.

Thet go so longe abod the skyle,
Wel mey be thys that on of vele
To mannes mende ;
For death scholde hys meystryes kethe,
And for-sopil and for-sethe
In deathes bende.

That myȝte ryȝt wel y-knowe,
That he was ryȝt al one threawe,
And harde y-nome ;
And the fend hyȝt myȝte wene,
Thet men out of so longe tene
Ne myȝte come.

Ac her aryst question,
Tho that Adam was broȝt a-doun,
And Eve also,
Wet gelt hedden hy that tho nere,
Thet hy to dethe i-schape were,
And eke to wo ?

Thou syxt, brother, by than by-fore,
That oure aldren were al for-lore,
Adam and Eve ;
For thar nas of ham no partye,
That nas torned to vylanye
So to by-leve.

Ac now be wey of ham y-come,
Wyth flesch and blod of ham i-nome,
Thet was abloue
Thorȝ the fenym of the fende ;
Thanne falth ous rewelyche by kende,
To soffry wowe.

And thos that chyld to nyȝt y-bore,
Thaȝ hyt deyde hyt were for-lore,
ȝef crystnynge nere ;

Thorȝ the flesch that hyt nome
Of hys eldrene that hyt of come,
That wykkede were.

And neades moste, leave brother,
Ryȝt of ham come and man of other,
And be nature.

For elles nadde man y-be
Nauȝt y-lych Gode in Trynyté,
Thorȝ engendrure.

Thaȝ hy be thorȝ senne demeyned,
So nas hyt nauȝt ferst y-ordeyned,
Thy engendrure ;
For tho man seneȝed in Paradys,
Al chaungede that flesch a-mys
To mysaventure.

Elles nedde hyt be no senne,
Thy engendrure of al mankenne,
In al thys wone ;
Ac senneleas hy hadde y-be,
Ase the engendrure in Trynyté
Of Fader and Sone.

Ase mannes y-lyche y-mad of tre
May nauȝt be al ase man may be,
Inne alle thynges ;
Ne Godes y-lyche, man, y-wys
Ne may nauȝt be al ase God ys,
Of hevene kynge.

For God the fader hys leve sone
 Engendrede out of alle wone,
 Wythoute tyde ;
 Ac man hath certayn tyme of elde,
 Wanne he may engendrure zelde,
 And tyme abyde.

THE END.

THE INTERLUDE
OF THE
TRIAL OF TREASURE.

THE TRIAL OF TREASURER

OF THE

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TRIAL OF TREASURER

THE INTERLUDE
OF THE
TRIAL OF TREASURE,

REPRINTED FROM

THE BLACK-LETTER EDITION BY
THOMAS PURFOOTE,
1567.

EDITED BY

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M.DCCC.L.

THE INTERLUDE

BY

TRIAL OF TREASURE

REVISED EDITION

THE BLACK-LATER EDITION BY

THOMAS PURPORT

1867

IN THREE

J. G. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S., F.R.A.

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PREFACE.

THE interlude, presented to the modern reader for the first time in the following pages, was printed from a copy formerly in the possession of Steevens, the eminent Shakesperian critic, before it was noticed that a copy in the British Museum contained several variations and superior readings. These were the more important, settling in some places the distribution of the speeches with greater accuracy than they were arranged in the exemplar we used. Perhaps, indeed, this may in some measure have arisen from the one last mentioned having been what booksellers technically term "cropped", but we have noticed all variations of importance in the notes, and some of them seem incompatible with any supposition, except that there were two

different impressions in the same year,* or that the Museum copy had been corrected while the work was in the press.

Mr. Collier conjectures that the *Trial of Treasure* was written some years before it was printed, but subsequently to the composition of *Lusty Juventus*, which is, he says, "mentioned in it." But it appears to me that the allusion to *Lusty Juventus*, (p. 5), is merely a generic proverbial title, and has no reference whatever to the old play so called. Mr. Collier, *Hist. Dram. Poet.* ii, 330, has given a brief analysis of the interlude now reprinted.

December 21st, 1849.

* The Museum copy has a wood-cut on the back of the title-page, which is wanting in the other copy, a circumstance which appears to confirm this opinion.

A NEW AND MERY ENTERLUDE
CALLED THE
TRIAL OF TREASURE,

NEWLY SET FOORTH, AND NEVER BEFORE
THIS TYME IMPRINTED.

The names of the players.

First, STURDINESS, CONTENTATION, VISITATION,
and TIME.

The Second, LUST, SAPIENCE, CONSOLATION.

The Third, the PREFACE, JUST, PLEASURE,
GREY-GUTTE.

The Fourth, ELATION; TRUST, a Woman; and
TREASURE, a Woman.

The Fifth, INCLINATION, the VICE.

Imprinted at London, in Paules Churcheyarde, at the signe
of the Lucrece, by Thomas Purfoote.

1567.

B

A NEW AND VERY ENTERTAINING

AND NO. 1. THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF

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THE NEW PATENT SYSTEM OF

TRIAL OF TREASURE.

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THE TRIALL OF TREASURE.

Doe all things to edifie the Congregation.

DIogenes, which used a barell for his house,
Being fled from his father to the citie of Athens,
Comforted himself much in beholding the mouse,
Which desired neither castell nor hold for her defence ;
Concerning sustentation she made no difference,
But eate whatsoever to her did befall,
And, touching her apparell, she had least care of all ;
This poore mouses propertie noted Diogenes,
Whiche oftentimes also he would have in sight,
And though he were disciple unto Antisthenes,
Yet he learned of the mouse as much as he might ;
In the science of Sophy he had great delight,
But concerning his state and outward condition,
The most can declare, if you make inquisition.
On a time he chaused accompanied to be
With Alexander, which stode betwene him and the
sonne,
What requirest thou to have, Diogenes, (quod he),
Is there any thing that by me may be done ?

I pray thee stande asyde, and make a little rounge
(Quod Diogenes), that the sunne upon me may shine,
Nought els require I of that that is thine.
He used to saie, that as servauntes be obedient
To their bodely maisters, being in subiection,
Euen so euill men, that are not contente,
Are subiects and slaues to their lustes and affection ;
This lesson unto us may be a direction
Which way our inclination to bridle and subdeawe,
Namely, if we labour the same to eschewe.
Thus see you howe little this Philosopher esteemed
The aboundaunt possessions of this mundaine treasure,
Which yet, notwithstanding, at these dayes is deemed
To be the originall and fountaine of pleasure ;
This causeth luste to raigne without measure,
To the whiche men are subjects, Diogenes doth say,
Yet both lust and treasure in time weareth away.
A philosopher is he that wisdom doth love,
Which before Pithagoras wyse men were named.
Now Diogenes being wyse, this doth approve
That some of this age ought as fooles to be blamed.
For where the one with treasure lack his life framed,
The other travaile, care and labour with gredinesse
The same by all meanes to enjoye and possesse.
But luste with the lustes converteth to duste,
And leaveth of force his pleasant prosperitie,
So pleasure, in time, is turned to ruste,
As S. James, in his Epistle, sheweth the veritie ;
Hereof we purpose to speake without temeretic.
Therefore our matter is named the *Triall of Treasure*,

Which time doth expell, with all mundaine pleasure ;
Both mery and short we purpose to be,
And therefore require your pardon and pacience ;
We trust in our matter nothing shall you see
That to the godly may geve any offence ;
Though the style be barbarous, not fined with eloquence,
Yet our author desireth your gentle acceptation,
And we the plaiers likewyse with all humiliation.

FINIS.

Enter LUSTE, like a gallant, singing this songe.

Heye howe, care away, let the world passe,
For I am as lusty as euer I was ;
In floures I florishe as blosomes in May,
Hey howe, care away ; hay hewe, care away !

Luste. What the deuill ailed me to singe thus ?
I crie you mercy, by my faith, for entring ;
Moste like I haue ridden on the flying Pegasus,
Or in Cock Lowels barge I haue bene a ventringe.
Syng : why, I would singe if it were to do againe,
With Orpheus and Amphion I went to schole :
What ! laddes must be liuely attending on the traine
Of Lady Delectation, whiche is no small foole.
Hey rowse, fill all the pottes in the house ;
Tushe, man, in good felowship let us be mery.
Looke up like a man, or it is not worth a louse ;
Hey howe, trolly lowe ; hey dery, dery.
Ha, pleasaunt youths, and lusty Juuentus,
In faithe, it is good to be mery this May :
For of man's liuing here there is no point endentus,

Therefore a little mirth is worth much sorrow, some say.

Enter JUSTE.

But remember ye not the wyse man's sentence ?
It is better in the house of mourning to be
Then in the house of laughter, where folly hath residence,
For lightnes with wisdom cannot agree ;
Though many haue pleasure in foolish phantasie,
Ensuing their inclination and luste,
Yet much better is the life of one that is iuste.

Luste. Sir, in this you seme against me to inuaye.

Juste. Nothing but reason, I thinke, I do saye.

Luste. Mary, you shall haue a night-cap for making
the reason.

Frinde, haue you not a pece of stocke-fishe to selle ?
I would you had a dishe of buttered peason.
By my faith, your communication likes me well,
But, I beseche you, tell me, is not your name Juste ?

Juste. Yes, forsothe.

Luste. And my name thou shalt understande is Luste,
And according therto I am lusty in deede ;
But, I think, thou haste drunke of Morpheus seede.
Thou goest like a dromeldory, dreamy and drowsy ;
I holde twenty pounce the knave is lousy !

Juste. Myne apparell is not like unto thine,
Disguysed and iagged, of sundrie fashion ;
Howe be it, it is not golde alwayes that doth shine,
But corrupting copper, of small valuation ;
To horrible besides is thy operation,
Nothing more odious unto the iuste,
Then the beastly desires of inordinate luste.

Luste. It is a shamefull thinge, as Cicero doth saye,
That a man his owne actes shoulde praise and commende;
Hypocrites accustome thee like, daye by daye,
Checking other men, when they doe offende.

Iuste. Yea, but it is an harde thing, saieth the
philosopher,
For a foolishe man to haue his maners reprehended ;
And euen at this daie it is come so farre,
God graunt, for his mercy, it may be amended !
For tell a man friendly nowe of his faulte,
Being blasphemy, pryde, or vyle fornication,
He will be as presumptuous as Haman, the haulte,
And repaye with reuenge, or els defamation :
Thus fewe men a friendly monition will beare,
But stoutly persiste and mainteine their ill ;
And in noblemen's houses truly I do feere,
There are to many haue suche froward will.

Luste. Woundes and hartes, who can abyde this ?
Nay, ye vyle vylayne, I will dresse you therefore ;
Your lasy bones I pretend so to blisse,
That you shall haue small luste to prate any more.

Iuste. Behold the image of insipient fooles !
There not a few, euen nowe, of thy propertie,
Untill you be put into pouerties scholes,
Ye will not forsake this folishe insolencie.

Luste. Nay, soft, with thee I haue not made an end.

[*Drawe out his swoorde.*]

Iuste. The just against lust must always contend,
Therefore I purpose to wrestle with thee [*put it up*],
Who shall haue the victorie streightwaye we shall see.

Luste. When thou wilt; by his fleshe I shall holde
the wag.

[*Wrestle, and let LUSTE seeme to haue the better at
the firste.*]

Juste. I know that Lust useth not little to brag.

Luste. Thou shalt find me as mighty as Sampson
the strong.

Juste. Yea, the battel of lust endureth long.

Luste. Woundes and fleshe ! I was almost down on
But yet I will wrestle till my bones cracke. [my back ;
[*Staye, and then speake.*]

Juste. The end of thy presumption now doth appeare.

Luste. Yet dooe what thou canst, I will not lie here;
No, by his woundes, you old doating knaue !

[*Caste him, and let him arise again.*]
Thinkest thou Lust will be made a slaue ;
I shall mete you in Smithfield, or else other wheare,
By his flesh and bloud, I will thee not forbear !

Juste. Not of my power I doe thee expell,
But by the mighte of his spirite that dwelleth in me :
Inordinate luste with the just may not dwell,
And therefore may not I accompanie thee.

Luste. Well, goodman Juste, it is no matter,
But, in faithe, I pretend not with thee to flatter ;
Though from thy company departe I muste,
I shall liue in as much welthynesse, I truste.

[*Go out. He must drive him out.*]

Juste. Where moste wealth is, and most dilectation,
There Luste is commonly of moste estimation ;
For whereas wealth wanteth, idleness doth slake,

For where idlenes is, Lust parteth the stake. [*Pause.*
 Thus have you seene the conflicte of the juste,
 Which all good men ought to use and frequent ;
 For horrible are the fruites of inordinate luste,
 Which in some case resembleth Hydra, the serpent ;
 Whose head being cut of, another ryseth incontinent :
 So, one of Luste's cogitations being cut away,
 There ryseth up another, yea many, we may say.
 It is requisite, therefore, that euery degree
 Against this, his lust, both striue and contende ;
 And though, at the first, he seeme sturdy to be,
 The Lord will conuince him for you in the ende.
 Your cause unto him, therefore, holy commende,
 Labouring to auoyde all inordinate luste,
 And to practise in lyfe, to live after the Juste.

[*Go out. Enter Inclination the Vise.*

Inclin. I can remember synce Noe's ship
 Was made, and builded on Salisbury Plaine ; [pip,
 The same yeere the weathercocke of Paules caught the
 So that Bowe bell was like much woe to sustaine.
 I can rememher, I am so olde,
 Since Paradise gates were watched by night ;
 And when that Vulcanus was made a cuckold,
 Among the great gods I appeared in sight.
 Nay, for all you smiling, I tell you true.
 No, no, ye will not knowe me now ;
 The mightie on the earth I doe subdue.
 Tush, if you will giue me leaue, yle tell ye howe ;
 Nowe, in good faith, I care not greatly,
 Althoughe I declare my dayly increase ;

But then these gentlewomen wil be angry,
Therefore I thinke best to holde my peace :
Nay, I beseche you, let the matter staye, [handes ;
For I would not for twenty pounce come into their
For if there should chaunce to be but one Dalila,
By the mas, thei would bind me in Samson's bands !
But what meane I first with them to beginne,
Seing that in all men I doe remaine ?
Because that first I remayned Eue within,
And after her, Adam, and so foorth to Caine.
I perceiue, by your lookes, my name ye would knowe ;
Why, you are not ignoraunt of that, I dare saye ;
It is I that doe guyde the bent of your bowe,
And ruleth your actions also, daye by daye ;
Forsothe, I am called Natural Inclination,
Whiche bred in old Adam's fostred bones ;
So that I am proper to his generation,
I will not awaye with casting of stones !
I make the stoutest to bowe and bende :
Againe, when I luste, I make men stande uprighte ;
From the lowest to the highest I doe ascende,
Drawing them to thinges of naturall might.

Enter LUSTE and STURDINESS, singing this song.
Where is the knaue that so did raue ?
O, that we could him finde,
We would him make for feare to quake,
That loute of lobbishe kinde.
My name is Luste, and let him truste
That I will haue redresse ;
For thou and I will make him flie

Mine ould friende Sturdiness.

Luste. Where is now that valiaunt Hercules ?
For all his bragges, he is now runne away.

Sturdi. (bragging). By the guttes of Golya it is beste
for his ease,
For he was moste like for the pottage to paye.

Inclina. Cockes soule ! what bragging knaves have
we here ?

Come ye to conuince the mightiest conqueror ?
It was I, that before you now doth appeare, [ander :
Whiche brought to confusion both Hector and Alex-
Looke on this legge, ye prating slaues,
I remember since it was no greater then a tree ;
At that time I had a cupple of knaues,
Much like unto you, that wayghted on me.

Luste. Cockes precious soule, let us conquer the knaue.

Sturdi. By his flesh and sydes, a good courage I have ;
Stande you, therfore, a little asyde,
And ye shall see me quickly abate the fooles pryde.

[*Draw out the swoorde ; make him put it up ; and
then strike him. Looke in your spectacles.*

Inclina. Naye, I dare not I, if thou lookest so bigge ;
What, suche a bore fight with a pigge !
Put up thy swoorde, man, we will agree ;
So lo : doe so much as beare that for mee.

Sturdi. Nay, by his harte then, I will you dresse.

Inclin. Be good in thine office, gentle friend Stur-
diness ;

For though thou and I doe seme to contende,
Yet we are, and must be, friendes till the ende.

Sturdi. Come, geue me thy hande, I beshrowe thy harte.

Inclin. Nay, you must take all thinges in good parte ;
Who standeth yonder, Captain Luste ?

Sturdi. Yea, mary.

Inclin. No remedy then, to him go I must.
You haue forgot, I dare say, your old friend Inclination ;
But let us renew acquaintance again, for cocks passion !

Luste. Why, man, our acquaintaunce hath bene of olde ;

I am your's at commaundement, therfore be bolde ;
For Luste can doe nothing without Inclination,
Chiefly in matters concerning a pleasaunt vocation.

Inclin. Indede Luste may be taken for a thing in-
Except Inclination be joyned therunto ; [different,
But when that I once haue reuealed my entent,
As I will men to worke, so commonly they doe.

Luste. Ye haue harde of the combate betwene me
and Juste.

Inc. Ye, mary, I harde saye that you laye in the duste.

Luste. What saye ye ?

Inc. Neither one worde, nor other, ye may me truste.

Luste. Of mine honestie my company he utterly
refused,

And in wrestling with me he gaue me the foyle,
Saying that I had myselfe and other abused,
Leading men in perplexitie and marveilous toile.

Sturdi. By gogs woundes, if we had founde him here,
We should by his fleshe haue abated his chere.

Inclin. I perceiue, Sturdiness, thou art no foole ;
Tell me, of felowship, where wentest thou to schole.

Sturdi. What, to reade or wrighte ?

Inclin. Nay, to sweare and fighte :

For I thinke thou canst neither wryte, reade, nor spel,
But in swearing and fighting thou doest excell.

Sturdi. Thou knowest that I am joyned with Luste,
And sturdy, by nature, I am in like case ;
What, let the worlde wag, all cannot be juste,
Some must naturall inclination embrace.

Luste. All men juste ? no ; I remember the sentence
of Tully,

That no man is juste that feareth death, pouertie, or paine,
Which I doe feare all, and that marueilously ;
For fortune is variable, I doe perceiue playne,
And notwithstanding that Felix possessed great gaine,
Yet when Paule preached of the judgement daye,
He trembled for feare, and bad him go awaye.

Inc. Doth such passions often trouble your mynde ?

Luste. Nay, not often, but sometime I do them fynde ;
But then, to the entent to dryve them awaye,
I either go to sleape, or els to some playe.

Sturdi. By gogs precious hearte, euen so doe I ;
But sometyme they comber me pestilently.

Inclin. Well, maister Luste, suche dumpesto eschewe,
My advise and request you must nedes ensue ;
That is, to become disciple to doctor Epicurus,
And then you shall haue myrth by measure and overplus ;
Tushe, I knowe a cupple companions in store
That were marueilous mete for you euermore ;
I wishe you were knowne unto them.

Luste. Well, then, call them in.

Inc. Here they come, each of them in a knaues skinne.

[*Enter ELATION and GREEDY-GUTTE.*

With luste to live is our delight,
In high estate and dignitie;
Seing that the Just put us to flight,
Let them alone in miserie.

Stur. Nay, they be lusty laddes, I tell ye.

Ela. What, Inclination! methought I did smell thee:
Gyve me thy hande or we forther go.

Inc. Nowe, welcome in faith, and Gredy-gutte also;
But, syrs, are none of you both acquainted with Lust?

Luste. Yes, that they have bene both of them, I
truste;

Welcome, syrs, in faithe; welcome unto me.

Ela. By my trothe, I am glad your maistership to
In health and prosperitie, as presently you bee. [see

Gre. Bom fay zo, am I wod all my harte.

Inc. This cove-bellied knave doth come from the
carte;

Ise teache you to speake, I hold you a pounce!

Curchy, lob, curchy downe to the grounde.

Gre. Che can make curchy well enowe.

Inc. Lower, olde knave, or yle make ye to bowe!
The great bellied loute methinke can not bende
Yet so lo, he beginneth to amende.

Luste. Well, syrs, nowe I remember Esopes advise
Whiche he gave to the Samies against king Crassus;
Therefore, it is good to be wyttie and wyse,
And being in libertie to kepe me still thus,
I cannot abide a life that is dolorous,

And seing that my name is properly Luste,
I hate the conversation of the Juste.

Inc. Well, maister Luste, first joyne you to me,
Inclination,
Next here with Sturdiness you must you acquainte ;
Turne you about and embrace Elation ;
And that wealth may encrease without any restraint,
Joine you with Gredy-gutte here in our presence,
That all these in you may have prosperous influence.
(*Bowe to the ground*).

Luste. Out, alas ! what a sodaine passion is this !
I am so taken that I can not stande ;
The crampe, the crampe, hath touched me y-wis ;
I shall die without remedie nowe out of hande.

Gre. By my matins chese, our master is sicke.

Inc. Stande back, Nycollnoddy, with the pudding
pricke,
More braines in thy skinne then witte in thy braine,
Such Gredy-guttes in faith would be flayne !
This crampe doth signifie nothing in effect ;
None of all your counsels he will now rejecte,
And therfore feare not to make full declaration.

Stur. Then feare not the force of these that be juste,
But labour yourself to aduaunce and augment ;
Be jocund and lively, sithe your name is Luste,
And then you shall easely obtaine your entente.

Ela. Esteeme yourselfe alwayes equall with the beste,
And seeke for promotion, power and dignitie ;
It is good when men may live as they luste,
And unto the juste beare hate and malignitie.

Gre. O, zur, ye must be gredy to catche and clawe.

Inc. Well said, Gredy-gutte, as wyse as a dawwe !

Gre. Eate up, at a mouthfull, houses and landes.

Inc. There's a vengeable mouth to—

(Gape and the Vise gape).

Gre. Never feare God, nor the governours lawe,
But gripe, gripe, gripe gredely all that cometh in
your hands.

By the masse, but Hewe Howlet is pestilent witty,

What guttish gredinesse the horeson can teache !

That thou art not ejected, in faith, it is pitie,

As hie as three trees and a halter will reache.

Mary, syrs, but your counsels hath set me on fire !

Hey, lusty lad, how freshe am I nowe !

Leade me, Inclination, to have my desire,

And then at thy requeste I wyll ever bende and bowe;

He that bendeth to folowe his own inclination,

Must nedes live a wicked and vile conversation,

But so, maister Luste, I will leade you to a place

Where you shall have pleasure enough in short space;

Yea, but shall not this company go thether?

Yes, mary, we foure will all go together ;

But Sturdiness shall tary to face out the matter,

If Juste peradventure against you should clatter:

By the masse, and well said, but first let us sing,

I must tune my pipes first of all by drinking.

Tushe, what then ? I praie thee help us a part ;

Yes, I will sing the treble with all my harte.

Luste shall be led by Inclination

To carnall cogitation ;

Where luste is led wholly by me,
He must fall to Cupiditie ;
For carnal cares shall him assaile,
And spedeley they shall prevaile ;
I, Sturdiness, will face it out
In his cause, sturdy, stiffe and stoute.
Then Gredy-gutte shall make him eate
Both house and lands like bread and meate ;
Elation shall puffe him hie
For to aspier above the skie ;
Then naturall and lordly Luste
Shall with his poure dispise the Juste.

Elation. Our songe is ended, haste thou other in store ?

Inc. I shall not haue done this halfe houre and more.
Yet I will, nowe I remember. Come in, Luste ;
That I go before is but nedeful and just.
You shall be nowe led by me, Inclination,
To reason and talke with Carnall cogitation.
Is there more vanitie underneath the sonne
Then to be inclined after this sorte ?
Well, Luste doth now as others haue done,
Yea, and doe daye by daye, esteming it a sporte ;
This Luste is the image of all wicked men,
Whiche in seeking the worlde haue all delectation ;
They regarde not God, nor his commaundements tenne,
But are wholly led by their owne inclination.
First, to inculcate with Carnall cogitation,
And, after, to the desier of all worldly treasure,
Whiche alone they esteeme the fulness of pleasure.
With Elation, or pride, he is also associate,

Which puffeth up his sences with presumption pestilent ;
 Then Gredy-gutte maketh them continually to grate
 On the mock of this world, which he thinketh permanent.
 I, Sturdiness, to heare out all things am bent :
 Thus, see you howe men that are led by their luste
 Dissent from the vertuous, godlie, and juste.

[*Go out. Enter JUSTE and SAPIENCE.*

Sapience. The advise of Aristippus haue in your
 mynnde,

Which willed me to seke such thinges as be permanent,
 And not such as are of a vanishing kinde,
 For the one with the other is not equivalent.
 Be circumspect, therefore, forseing and sapient,
 For treasures here gotten are uncertain and vaine,
 But treasures of the mynde do continually remaine.

Juste. This is the mynde of —, and I remember
 Like as presently you haue advertised me,
 For the whiche I cannot but thankfully render
 Such commendations as is requisite to be ;
 And as your name is Sapience, thus muche I see
 That on heauenly wisdom you doe depende,
 And not on as time doth bring to an ende.

Sapience. Truthe, indeed, and therefore your name
 being Juste,

With me and my documentes must be associate ;
 Where, contrary, suche as are led by their lust,
 To incline euill are alwayes appropriate :
 They haue not, as you haue, battel and combate
 Against the cogitations that inwardly spring,
 But rather are obedient unto the same thing :

And this is the occasion that men are so ambitious,
 And so foolishe, led by the luste of their braine
 Sometime to couet, sometime to be vicious ;
 Sometime the councell of the wyse to disdaine ;
 Sometime to clime till they fall down againe ;
 Sometime to usurpe the possessions of other ;
 Sometime to disobeye bothe father and mother.

Juste. Alas, what availeth it ryches to enjoye,
 Though as muche in comparison as Cressus the king ?
 What helpeth it to haue Helene in Troye,
 If the conscience of man continually sting ?
 Elation and Pride no commoditie doth bring,
 But is often knowen the forerunner of shame,
 And the blotte of immortall memorie and fame.

[*Enter* INCLINATION, *the* VISE.

Inc. Nowe, by my hallydome, it is alone a,
 Better sporte in my life I never sawe,
 It is trimme, I tel you, to daunce with John and Jone a,
 We passe not a point for God nor his law ;
 But lust is
 Cogitation and he in one bed doth lie.
 Here is maister Juste, with his cancred corage,
 What, and olde doting Sapience ! then I am dressed I.
 So often already Juste hath me restrained,
 That I dare not entise him any more,
 For through Sapience he hath me clerely disdained,
 That my courage is spent and I have no more.

[*Make a going back.*

Sap. Nay, softe, syr, we must talke with you or ye
 go.

Inc. I can not tary at this time, the truthe is so.

Juste. Nay, there is no remedy with you ; we muste talke.

Inc. By the body of me, I holde best that I walke,
Or els learne to speake language another whyle,
And so I may happen the knaves to beguyle.

Juste. Turne back or you go, we have somewhat to say.

Inc. Non point parla fransois, nonne par ma foy.

Sap. To deceiue us nowe himselfe he doth prepare.

Inc. Ick en can ghene englishe spreken von waer.
Body of me, let me go, or els I shall ... ;
I wis, maister Juste, you have loved me or this ;
Therefore nowe be ruled after my counsell,
And godly thinges for your commoditie I shall you tell.

Sap. Let him that is juste not lightly ensue
His vile inclination and carnall concupiscence,
But let him rather contende the same to subdue ;
And chiefly those that haue knowledge of Sapience :
Therefore to brydle this luste do your diligence,
His craftie provocations utterly to restraine,
That Just may liue while life doth remaine.

Inc. Godd man Hoball, speake you in earnest ?
What doest thou saye, shall the Just bridle me ?
No, no, brother Snappes, doe the worst and thy best,
I will not be bridled of him nor of thee.

Juste. Seing Sapience consisteth in heauenly document,
And that heauenly document consisteth in Sapience,
To bridle this wretch I cannot but consent,

Sithe I of his purpose haue had oft intelligence.

Inc. Yet again brydle it doth not preuayle ;
I will not be bridled of the best of you both.
See you this gere ? heres one will make you to quaile ;
Stande backe ! to kil you, maister Juste, I would be loth !
You have been so burned and fried of late,
That it were pitie to hurt you any more.
Back, I say, or my dagger shall about your pate,
By the masse, but I will, syr, yle make your bones
sore. *[Struggle two or three times.*

Juste. I will bridle thee, beast, for all thy bragging.

Inc. In faith, good man Juste, yle holde ye wagging ;
Nay, brother, ye shall find me a curste colt to bridle,
Nay, in faith, better yet I will make thee to struggle.

Sap. Never leue him, but ensue the councell of
Sapience.

Juste. Lo, nowe I have brought him under obedience.
[Brydle him.

Inc. Not so obedient as thou thinkest me to have ;
Nay, brother, ye shall finde me a coltische knave :
We, he, he, it is good for you to holde faste,
For I will kicke and winche whyle the lyfe doth laste.

Sap. Thou shalt kicke indeed, but no victorie
wynne ;

Neither to conquer the Juste to ungodliness nor synne.

Inc. O yes, O yes, I will make a proclamation.

Juste. What shall that be ?

Inc. If ye will geve me leave, then you shall see.
O yes ! is there any man or woman that hath lost
A gambolling gelding with a graye tayle,

Let him come to the Crier and pay for his coste,
And he will tell him tidinges without any fayle.

Sap. To the entent that you may him sharpely
restraine,

Let him not enjoye so muche of the raine.

[*Bridle him shorter.*

Inc. Cockes sole, now the snaffel cutteth my lip,
I would this luberly knave had the pip!
I shall leape no hedges whyle this brydle is on,
Out, alas! I think it will fret me to the bone.

Sap. Thus should every man that wil be called
Juste

Brydle and subdue his beastly inclination,
That he in the ende may obtaine perfect truste,
The messenger of God to geve sight to salvation.

Juste. That truste to obtaine with him I have
struggled.

Sap. Then let us departe, and leave this beast
bridled. [Go out both.

Inc. May the deuill go with you and his dun dame!
Suche horse maisters will make a colte quickly tame;
I would he were hanged that this snaffell did make,
It maketh my chappes so shamefully to ake;
Ye haue no pitie on me, you, I se, by your laughing;
I care not greatly if I fall to gambolling;
We, he, he, he, he, he, come alofte, I saye,
Beware the horse heles, I avyse you stande awaye;
The raine of my bridle is tied so shorte,
That I can not make you any more sport.
But though I be bridled now of the Juste,

I doubte not but I shal be unbridled by Luste,
And let not Juste thinke but I will rebell,
Although he bridle me tenne times all well ;
Though Nature saith one done with a croche,
It will not lie long but incontente aproche ;
Even so though that I be bridled a whyle,
The colte will at length the curser beguyle.

Enter GREDY-GUTTE running and catche a fall.

Gre. Chill ran I as fast as I can,
Zures, did none of you zee a man ?
Cham zent in haste from my maister Luste,
So that Inclination nedes come to him must.

Inc. Where is he now ? I pray thee tell me.

Gre. Why what have we here, Jesus, benedicitie !
I holde twenty pounce it is Baalam's asse,
Nay tis a colte, I see his tayle by the masse !

Inc. Am I a colte ? nay, thou liest lyke a knaue,
Somewhat for thy labour nowe shalt thou haue.

Gre. Hoball, ho, lousy jade, must ye kicke ?

Inc. Who euer sawe suche a desperate Dicke ?
Why, Gredy-gutte, doest thou not knowe Inclination ?

Gre. Body of me, who hath drest thee of that fashion ?
Thou arte brydled for byting nowe indeede,
Syra, maister Luste would have thee make spede.

Inc. I am bridled I, euen as thou doest see,
Therefore desier him to come and helpe me.
But what is the matter that he for me sente ?

Gre. Mary, to gather with Grediness nowe he is
bent ;

He hath had long talke with Carnal Cogitation,
And is set on fier by the means of Elation,
So that he is so lusty he cannot abyde,
Therefore one or other for him must be spied.

Inc. Well, Gredy-gutte, I praye thee, go and make
haste.

Gre. 'Tush, feare not, chill spend no time in waste.

Inc. I had rather then XL pence that he were come ;
If I be bridled long I shall be undone.
So sharpe is this snaffell called restraints,
That it maketh me sweate I am so fainte :
Harke ! I heare the voyce of my maister Luste ;
Now I shall be unbridled shortly I truste.

Enter LUSTE.

Luste. Cocks precious woundes, here hath bene
vilanie !

Inc. Heye, they have used me with to much
vilanie,

That old knave Sapience so counseled Juste ;
But let me be unbridled, good maister Luste.

[*Unbridle him.*

Luste. Lo, now thou art unbridled, be of good chere.

Inc. By Lady, I am glad I have gotten thus cleare.
But harke you, maister Lust, if I may do you pleasure,
Whisper, whisper, she is called Treasure.

Luste. O my harte is on fyre till she come in place.

Inc. O maister Luste, she hath an amiable face ;
A tricker, a trimmer, in faith that she is,
The goddess of wealth, prosperitie and bliss.

Luste. But thinke you that this minion long endure shall ?

Inc. For euer and euer, man, she is immortall.
There be many other, but she exceedeth them all.

Luste. What be they, haue you their names in store?

Inc. Yea, harke, in youreare—And many other more.

Luste. Sithe that the apple of Paris before me is cast,

And that I may deliuer the same where I will,
I would Prometheus were here to helpe me holde fast,
That I might haue a fore witte with me euer still.
Pallas I consider in science hath skill,
But Juno and Venus good will do I beare ;
Therefore to geue the appull I know not where.

Inc. Be conciled by me, and geue it Lady Treasure,
It shal be for your commoditie in the end without
measure,

For hauing the company of this minion lasse,
You shall never wante the societie of Pallas ;
Juno, nor yet the armipotent Mars,
Can not resiste your strengthe be they never so fearce ;
And as for Venus, you shall haue at pleasure,
For she is bought and solde alwayes with Treasure ;
She of her power hath whole countries conquered,
The moste noble champions by her hath ben murthered ;
Acon for her sake was stoned to death.
Tushe, innumerable at this day spende their breathe,
Sume hange or be hanged, they love her so well,
She is the great goddessse, it is true that I telle.

Luste. Which way should I worke of her to haue a sight ?

Inc. I, Inclination, will leade you thither right ;
But we must haue Gredy-gutte, and also Elation.

Luste. They are at the house of Carnal Cogitation.

Inc. Whether I would wyshe that we might departe ;
I will lead you thither with all my harte.

[*Go out. Enter JUST.*
TRUST, a woman plainly, and CONTENTATION, knele down
and sing, she haue a crowne.

So happy is the state of those
That walke uprighte and juste,
That thou, Lorde, doest thy face disclose
By perfect hope and truste.
Their inclination thou dost stay,
And sendeth them Sapience,
That they should serue, and eke obey
Thy highe magnificence.
Thou sendest Contentation,
That we in thee may rest.
Therefore all adoration

To thee perteineth best. [saye,

Juste. God careth for his people, as the prophet doth
And preserveth them under his mercifull wynges ;
Namely the juste, that his will do obey,
Observing his holy commaundement in all thynges ;
Not for our sake, or for our deservinges,
But for his owne sake, openly to declare,
That all men on earth ought to live in his feare.

Truste. Howe God hath blissed you all men may see ;
For first, at your entraunce you conquered Luste,
Not by your power, but by might of the deitie,

As all persons ought to doe that be iuste.
Then through Sapience which God did you sende,
You bridled that brutishe beaste Inclination,
And also ordered you with Contentation.

Con. Those that are contented with their vocation
Be thankefull to God; this is a true consequent ;
And those that be thankefull in their conversation,
Can not but please the Lorde God omnipotent ;
But those that be sturdie, proude, and disobedient,
The Ruler of all rulers will them confounde,
And rote their remembraunce of from the grounde.

Iuste. When Solon was asked of Cressus the king,
What man was moste happie in this vale terrestriall,
To the ende he semeth to attribute that thing
When men be asociate with treasures celestially,
Before the ende can no man judge, he doth saie,
That any man is happy that here beareth breath,
But then by his end preteley judge we may;
Thus true happines consisteth, saith he, after death.
If this be a truthe, as undoubtedly it is,
What men are more foolish, wretched, and miserable,
Then those that in these treasures accompt their whole
blys,
Being infect with ambition, that sickness incurable ;
A ! wicked Adrastia, thou goddes deceiuable,
Thus to plucke from men the sence of their mynde,
So that no contentation therein they can finde.

Truste. The treasure of this worlde we may well
compare
To Circes, the witche, with her craftie cautilitie,

Wherewith many mens myndes so poysoned are,
That quite they are carried into all fidelitie ;
They are conjured in deede and bewitched so sore,
That treasure is their truste, joye, and delighte.
True truste is expelled, they passe not therefore,
And against contentation they continually fight.
But though wicked men folowe their luste,
Crying on earth is our felicitie and pleasure,
Yet God doth so guide the hartes of the juste,
That they respect chiefly the celestiall treasure.

Con. Alas ! should we not have that estimation
Which God hath prepared for his dere elect ?
Should not our myndes rest in full contentation,
Having truste in this treasure, most highe in respecte ?
St. Paule, whom the Lorde so high did erecte,
Saith ; It passeth the sence of our memory and mynde,
Much lesse can our outward eyes the same finde,
And as for treasures which men possesse here,
Through fickelnes of fortune sone fadeth away ;
The greatest of renowme and most worthy here
Sometime falleth in the ende to myserie and decay.
Recorde of Dionisius, a king of much fame,
Of the valiaunt Alexander and Cæsar the strong.
Record of Tarquin, which Superbus had to name,
And of Heliogabalos, that ministred with wronge ;
If I should recite all, I should stand very long,
But these be sufficient plainly to approue
Howe sone by uncertaintie this treasure doth remoue.

Juste. It is true ; therefore a mynde well contente
Is great riches, as the wyse king Salomon doth say.

We have sene of late days this cancard pestilent
Corrupting our realme to our great decaie,
Ambition, I meane, which chiefly did raigne
Among those that should be examples to others ;
We sawe how their brethren they did disdaine,
And burned with fire the childe with the mother ;
It is often seene that such monsters ambitious
As spare not to spile the bloud of the innocente,
Will not greatly sticke to become seditious,
The determination of God thereby to prevente.
God graunt every one of us earnestly to repente,
And not to set our minds on this fading treasure,
But rather wyshe and wille to doe the Lordes pleasure.

Truste. O ye emperours, potentates, and princes of
renowne,

Learn of Juste with Truste yourselves to associate.
That like as your vocation by right doth aske the crown,
And also due obedience, being the appointed magistrate,
So rule that at the last you may be resuscitate
And raigne with the Almightye with perfect continu-
ance,

Receiving double crownes for your godly governaunce.
Ye noblemen whome God hath furnished with fame,
Be myndefull to walke in the wayes of the Juste,
And be not ouercome of concupiscence or luste.
Fle from loue of treasure, catche holde of me, Truste;
And then double felicitie at the last you shall possesse,
And in all earthly doings God shall geue you succes.
Ye poore men and commons, walke well in your
vocations,

Banish lust and desier, which is not convenient;
 Let truste worke in you a full contentation,
 Considering that it leadeth to treasures more excellent,
 For these are uncertaine, but they are most permanent.
 Your necessitie supplie with vertue and truste,
 And then shall you enjoye your crown among the just.

Juste. As I, being properly nominate Juste,
 Am here associate with Contentation,
 So have I my whole felicitie in Truste,
 Who illumineth myne eyes to see my saluation.

Truste. Feare you not, shortly you shall haue
 consolation,
 If I were once growen in you to perfection,
 Euen thus goeth it alwaies with the children of
 election.

Juste. I will departe now; will ye go with me, Truste?

Truste. Yea, I must alwaies associate the Juste.

Cont. A psalme of thankesgeuing first let us sing,
 To the laude and prayse of the immortall Kinge.

(*Here if you will: sing "the man is blest that feareth God", &c.—Go out*).

Enter INCLINATION laughing.

Inc. Lust (quod he) nowe in faithe he is lusty,
 Lady Treasure and he hath made a matche;
 He thinketh that I ware marvelous trusty,
 Because I teache him to clawe and to catche,
 And now a daies amitie doth therein consiste;
 He that can flatter shal be well beloued;
 But he that saieth, *thus* and *thus*, saieth Christe,
 Shall as an enemy be openly reprov'd.

Friendship, yea friendship consisteth now in adulation;
 Speake faire and please the lust of thy lorde,
 I warrant thee be had in great estimation,
 When those that tel truthe shal be abhorde.
 A ! unhappy lingua, whether wilt thou ten ?
 Take heed, I advise thee, least thou be shent ;
 If ye chaunce to tell any tales of these gentlewomen,
 With flesh hokes and nayles you are like to be rent ;
 Nay, for the passion of me be not so moued,
 And I will please you incontinent againe.
 Above all treasures you are worthy to be loued,
 Because you do no men deride nor disdaine ;
 You do not contempte the simple and poore ;
 You be not hie-minded, proude, and presumptuous,
 Neither wanton nor wyly you be neuer more,
 But gentle, louing modestie, and vertuous.
 Behold howe a lie can please some folkes diet !
 O pacifie their myndes maruellous well,
 All whyste, I warrant ye, so they in quiet.
 Howe to please you hereafter I can tell :
 Harke, I heare Luste and my lady Treasure,
 They are given to solace, singing, and pleasure.

Enter LUSTE and TREASURE, a woman finely appareled.

Lust. Ah, amorous lady, of bewtifull face,
 Thou art hartely welcome unto this place ;
 My harte is inclined to the, lady Treasure,
 My love is insatiate, it kepeth no mesure.

Treas. It is I, maister Luste, that will you aduaunce;
 Treasure it is that things doth enhaunce :

Upon me set your whole affection and luste,
And passe not a point for the wayes of the Juste.
Treasure is a pleasure, beare that in mynde;
Both trusty and true ye shall me alwayes finde.

Inc. As trusty as is a quick ele by the tayle!
What, lady Treasure, welcome without fayle;
To be better acquainted with you once I truste,
But I dare not in the presence of my maister Luste.
Ye are welcome, syr, hartely; what! be of good
courage;

Drawer, let us have a pinte of whyte wine and borage.

Luste. Wherefore, I praye thee tell?

Inc. Mary, methinke you are not well.

Luste. Not well, who can a better life craue,
Then to possesse suche a lady as I haue?
Is there any wealth not contained in Treasure?
Ah, lady, I love thee in faith out of measure.

Inc. It is out of measure indeede, as you saie,
And euen so must men loue her at this daie;
Oh, she is a mynion of amorous hewe,
Her pere in my daies yet I neuer knew.
Old (quod you) I am an old knaue I tell ye,
Nay, neuer laughe at the matter, for doubtles I smel
ye;

She passeth Juno, Ceres, and Pallas,
More beautifull then euer dame Venus was,
Other in sapience she doth excede,
And Diana in dignitie, of whome we doe reade;
What should faire Helene once named be,
She excelleth all these, maister Luste, beleue me.

Luste. Howe say you, is not this an eloquent lad ?

Treas. That you have suche a servaunt truly I am glad.

Inc. Ha, ha, now indeede I can you not blame,
For women of all degrees are glad of the same ;
They that flatter and speake them fayre
Shal be their sonnes, and peradventure their ayre.

Luste. You tolde me of a brother you had, lady
Treasure.

Treas. Yea, syr, that I haue ; his name is called
Pleasure ;

And seeing you enjoye me now at your will,
Right sone, I am sure, he will come you untill.

Luste. Truly of him I would faine haue a sight,
For because that in pleasure I haue marueilous delight.

Inc. Then honestie and profite you may bidde good
night.

Luste. What saiest thou ?

Inc. I saie he will shortly appeare in sight ;
I knowe by his singing the same is he,
The misbegotten Orpheus I think that he be.

Enter PLEASURE, singing this Song.

O, happy daies, and pleasaunt playes,
Wherein I doe delight, a ;
I doe pretende, till my liues ende,
To liue still in such plighte, a.

Inc. Maister Pleasure, I perceive you be of good
chere.

Pleas. What, Inclination, old lad, art thou here ?

Inc. Yea, syr, and lady Treasure, your sister, also.

Plea. Body of me, then unto her I will go.

What, syster, I am glad to mete with you here.

Trea. Welcome unto me, mine owne brother dere.
Maister Luste, this is my brother, of whome I tolde ;
He is pleasaunt and lusty, as you may beholde.

Luste. Gentlemā (I pray you) is your name master
Pleasure ?

Plea. Yea, syr, and I am brother to lady Treasure.

Luste. And are you contented to accompanie me ?

Plea. Whereas she is resident, I must nedes be ;
Treasure doth Pleasure commonly preceade.
But the one is with the other, they have both so decreed.

Inc. Mary, nowe you are well indeede, maister Luste ;
This is better, I trowe, than the life of the juste :
They be compelled to possesse contentation,
Hauing no treasure but trust of saluation.

But my lady your mistris, my mistris I would saye,
She worketh, you may see, to keepe you from decaie.

Luste. O, madame ! in you is all my delight,
And in your brother, Pleasure, bothe daye and nighte.
The *Triall of Treasure*, this is indeede,
I perceive that she is a true frende at neede ;
For I haue proued her, according as Thales doth saye,
And I perceive that her bewtie cannot decaye.

Trea. Alwayes with you I will be resident,
So that your life shall be most excellent.

Plea. Yea, syr, and me, Pleasure, also you shall have,
So that none other thinge there nedeth to craue ;
I will replenishe your harte with delighte,

And I will be alwayes with Treasure in sighte.
But if you desire to enjoy me at your will,
My sister you must haue in reputation still;
And then, as her treasure is certaine and excellent,
My pleasure shal be both perfect and permanent.
Credite not those, syr, that talke that and this,
Saying, that in us twoo consisteth no bliss.
But let experience your mynde euer moue,
And see if all men us twoo doe not loue.

Inc. Loue, yes, they loue you indeede without
doubte,

Which shutteth some of them God's kingdome without.
They loue you so well that their God they do hate,
As time hath declared to us even of late.
But he that on such thinges his study doth caste,
Shal be sure to be deceiued at the last.

Luste. What doest thou saie?

Inc. Of Treasure, forsoth, ye must euer holde fast,
For if you should chance to lose lady Treasure,
Then farewell in post this gentleman, Pleasure.

Luste. My loue to them both cannot be exprest,
And especially my lady, you I loue best.

Treas. If you love me as you doe professe,
Be ye sure you shall wante no kinde of welthiness.

Pleas. And if you haue welthiness at your own wyll,
Then will I, Pleasure, remayne with you still.

Inc. You are both as constant as snowe in the sun,
Which from snow to water through melting doth run;
But worldly wyse men cannot conceave that,
To honte for suche myse they learne of the cat.

Luste. My lady is amorous, and full of favour.

Inc. I may say, to you she hath an ill-fauoured savour.

Luste. What saiest thou?

Inc. I saye she is loving, and of gentle behauour.

Treas. And so I will continue still, be you sure.

Pleas. And I in like case whyle your life doth endure.

Luste. Ah, truste Treasure; ah, pleasaunt Pleasure;
All wealth I possesse nowe without measure;
And seing that the same shall firmly remayne,
To helpe me sing a songe will you take the paine.

Treas. Euen with all my harte, begin whan ye will.

Inclin. To it, and I will either helpe or stand still.

[*Singe this Songe.*

Am I not in blissed case,

Treasure and Pleasure to possesse;

I would not wishe no better place,

If I may still haue welthiness:

And to enjoye in perfect peace,

My lady, lady.

My pleasaunt pleasure shall encrease,

My deare lady.

Helene may not compared be,

Nor Creseda that was so bright;

These cannot staine the shine of thee,

Nor yet Minerua of great might.

Thou passest Venus farre away,

Lady, lady;

Loue thee I will, both night and day,

My dere lady.

My mouse, my nobs, and cony sweete,
My hope, and ioye, my whole delight ;
Dame nature may fall at thy feete,
And may yeelde to thee her crowne of righte.

I will thy body now embrace,

Lady, lady ;

And kisse thy swete and pleasaunt face,

My dere lady.

Enter GOD'S VISITATION.

Visit. I am Gods minister, called Visitation,
Which diuers and many waies you may understande ;
Sometime I bring sicknes ; sometime perturbation ;
Sometime trouble and misery throughout the lande ;
Sometime I signifie God's wrath to be at hande ;
Sometime a forerunner of distruction imminent,
But an executer of paine I am at this present.
Thou insipient foole, that hast folowed thy luste,
Disdaining the doctrine declared by Sapience,
In Treasure and Pleasure hath bene thy truste,
Which thou thoughtest should remaine euer in thy
presence :

Thou neuer remembrest Thales his sentence,
Who willeth men in all thinges to kepe a measure,
Especially in loue to incertaintie of treasure ;
Even nowe I am come from visiting the Just,
Because God beginneth first with his elect ;
But he is so associated and comforted with Truste,
That no kinde of impacience his soule can infecte.
Contentation in suche sort his race doth directe,

That he is contented with God's operation,
 Comfortably embracing me his visitation;
 But nowe I am come to vexe thee with paine,
 Whiche makest Treasure thy castell and rocke,
 Thou shalt knowe that both she and Pleasure is vaine,
 And that the Almighty thou canst not mocke.
 Anguisher and grieve into thee I doe caste,
 With paine in thy members continually.
 Now thou hast paine thy pleasure can not laste,
 But I will expelle him incontinently.

Luste. O cockes harte ! what a pestilence is this !
 Depart from me, I saye, hence, Gods Visitation !
 Helpe, helpe, lady Treasure, thou goddes of blis !
 At thy handes let me haue some consolation.

Treas. I will remaine with you, be out of doubt.

Inc. Will ye be packing, you il favoured lowte ?

Visi. Presently, in dede from him thou shalt not go,
 And why ? because Gods will hath not determined so;
 But in tyme thou, Treasure, shalt be turned to ruste,
 And as for Pleasure he shall nowe attende on the Just.

Luste. Gogs woundes ! these panges encrease euer
 more.

Inc. And my littell finger is spitefully sore ;
 You will not beleue how my hele doth ake.

Treas. (To VISITATION) Nay, let me alone, your
 part I will take.

(To LUST) Be of good comforte, whyle I here remaine ;
 For pleasure and he shall be parted in twaine.

Visit. It is not mete that he should be participate
 with Luste,

But rather vertuous, godly and juste.

Luste. Remaine with me still, maister Pleasure, I say.

Pleas. Nay, there is no remedy ; I must away ;
For where God doth punishment and paine,
I Pleasure in no case can not remaine,

Visit. I could in like case separate thy treasure,
But God doth admonishe thee by losing thy pleasure.

[*Go out VISITATION and PLEASURE.*

Inc. Fare well in the deuils name olde lousy loute,
That my maister will die I stand in great doubte.
Ho, ho, ho, howe is it with you, maister Luste ?

Luste. By the flesh of Goliah, yet Treasure is my
truste,

Though Pleasure be gone, and I liue in paine,
I doubte not but Treasure will fetch him againe.

Treas. Yea, that I will ; feare not, and with you to
remayne.

Inc. The propertie of riche men undoubtedly he
hath,

Whiche thinke with monie to pacifie God's wrath,
And health at their pleasure to bye and to sell.
Howe is maister Lust, are you anything well ?

Luste. Against this Visitation my harte doth rebell.
Gogs woundes ! shall I still in these panges remaine ?

Treas. Feare you not, maister Lust, I will helpe
you again,

Treasure in phisicke exceedeth Gallenus :

Tushe ! there is no phisition but we must haue with
us ;

To the ease of your body they will you bringe,
 And therefore I praie you despaire in nothing ;
 Put your trust alwayes in me, lady Treasure,
 And I will restore you againe unto pleasure,
 For I am the goddes that therein hath power,
 Which shall remain perfect unto the last houre.

Inc. Yea, yea, maister Luste, be as mery as you may;
 Let Treasure be your truste, who so euer say naye.

Enter TIME.

Time. The auncient Grekes haue called me Chronos,
 Whiche in our vulgar tongue signifieth Time ;
 I am entred in presently for a certainly purpose,
 Euen to turne Treasure to ruste and to slime ;
 And Luste whiche hath long disdained the Juste,
 Ensuing his filthy and vyle inclination,
 Shall immediatly be turned into duste,
 To the example of all the whole congregation ;
 For time bringeth both these matters to passe,
 As experience hath taught in euery age,
 And you shall beholde the same in this glasse,
 As a document both profitable and sage.
 Both Lust and Treasure, come foorth with spede
 Into the shop of the most mighty God,
 There shall you be beaten to poudre in dede,
 And for your abusion fele his scourge and rod.

Inc. By Saint Mary ! then they haue made a wise
 matche,
 I pretende therefore to leape ouer the hatche ;
 Nay, let me departe, syrs ; stop me not, I saye,
 For I must remayne, though both these decaye. [*Go out.*]

Luste. Luste from the beginning frequented hath
bene,

And shall I now turne to nothing for thee ?

Treas. Treasure in all ages hath bene beloued,
And shall she from the earth by thee be remoued ?

Time. You know that all suche thinges are subject
to time ;

Therefore, me to withstande is no reason nor ryme ;
For like as all thinges in time their beginning had,
So must all thinges in time vanishe and fade.

Luste. Gog's woundes, let Treasure remaine stil
with me.

Treas. Yea, let me continue still in my dignitie.

Time. Nay, I must cary you into Vulcan's fire,
Where you shall be tried unto the uttermost.
Seing Lust against Lust did daily conspier,
To dust he shall turne for all his great boaste :
Both of you shall haue one rigorous hoaste ;
Come therefore with spede, Time cannot tary,
To the ende of your felicitie I will you carie.

Treas. If there be no remedie, then there is no shifte.

Luste. He must nedes go, that is driuen by the
deuil's drifte ;

A ! cocke's precious sydes, what fortune is this ?

Whether go I nowe, to misery, or blis ? [Go out.

Enter JUSTE, leading INCLINATION in his bridle shakled.

Inc. We, he, he, he, he ! ware the horse heles, I saye ;
I would the raine ware lose, that I might run away.

Juste. Nay, sithe thou wilt not spare against me to
rebel,

I will not spare, by God's grace, thee to brydell ;
 All men may see how vile Inclination
 Spareth not to put the just to vexation ;
 Euen so may all men learne of me againe,
 Thy beastly desiers to bridle and restraine.

Inc. Mary, syr, I am bridled indeede, as you say,
 And shakled, I thinke, for running away ;
 This snafle is sharp indeed for the nones,
 And these shakkels doe chafe my legs to the bones ;
 And yet will I prouoke, spurne, and pricke,
 Rebell, repugne, lashe out and kicke.

We, he ! in the jade's name are ye so freshe ?
 This gere I suppose will plucke downe your fleshe.

Juste. Nay, softe, thou shalt haue a little more paine,
 For somewhat shorter nowe I will tye thy rayne.

Enter TRUST and CONSOLATION.

Truste. Most blissed and happie, I say, are the juste,
 Euen because they restraine their owne inclination ;
 Thou, therefore, that hast made thy treasure of trust,
 Beholde, I haue brought thee here Consolation.

Juste. Nowe blyssed be God of his mercy and grace,
 With all my harte and soule I doe you embrace.

Con. Consolation is my name, euen as Truste hath
 saide,

Which is joye, or comfort, in this life transitorie ;
 He that possesseth me is of nothing afraide,
 But hathe a most quiet and peaciable memorie.
 For I, through Trust, doth shewe thee the glorie
 That God hath prepared for them beforehand,

Wherein at the last they shall perfectly stande.

Truste. Receive this crowne of felicitie now at this space,

Which shall be made richer at the celestiall place.

Inc. Byr lady, I woulde I had suche a gay croune.

Iuste. Nowe praysed be God for this riches of renoune ;

Felicitie, in this worlde, the iuste doth enjoye,

Namely, when the deuill can them not anoye ;

The Lorde's worke this is, who be praysed for ever,

Who graunte us in his lawes still to perseuer.

Con. Amen, amen. God gyve us delight
In his holy couenant bothe day and night.

Trust. Our matter is almost brought to an ende,
Sauing that Inclination in prison must be shut.

Iuste, carie him forth, that useth to contende,
And see that surely enoughe he be put.

Iuste. That shall be done shortely, by God's grace.

Inc. What, softe, I say, me thinke ye go a shamfull
pace ;

Was ther euer poore colte thus handled before ?

Fie upon it, my legs be onreasonably sore ;

Well, yet I will rebell, yea, and rebell againe,

And though a thousand times you shouldest me restraine.

[*Leade him out.*

Enter TIME, with a similitude of dust, and rust.

Time. Beholde here, howe Luste is conuerted to
duste ;

This is his image, his wealth and prosperitie ;

And Treasure in like case is turned to ruste,
Whereof this example sheweth the veritie.
The *Triall of Treasure*, this is, no doubt,
Let all men take hede that truste in the same,
Considering what thinges, I, Tyme, bringe aboute,
And quenche out the ungodly, their memory and fame.

Enter JUSTE.

Juste. Why, and is Lust and Treasure conuerted to
this ?

Time. Yea, forsothe.

Juste. What foolishe man in them would put truste,
If this be the finall end of their blisse ?
Muche better I commend the life of the iuste.

Con. So it is, no doubt, for they haue consolation,
Possessing felicitie euen in this place ;
I meane through trust and hope of saluation,
Which setteth out to us God's mercy and grace.

Juste. Let all men consider this good erudition,
And not to put confidence in Luste nor Treasure ;
By these two examples receiue admonition,
And also of the sodaine banishment of Pleasure.

Time. Remember that Time turneth all things about ;
Time is the touchstone the iuste for to try.
But whereas Lust and Treasure in time is come to
nought,

Just, possessing Trust, remayneth constantly.
So that as I, Time, hath reuealed their infamie,
So haue I shewed the consolation and gaine
That the iuste shall receiue that justly do raigne.

Con. We will now no longer trouble this audience,
Sythe somewhat tedious to you we have bene ;
Beseching you to beare all thinges with pacience,
And remember the examples that you haue seene.
God graunte them to florishe liuely and grene,
That some of us the better therefore may be,
Amen, amen ! I beseche the blyssed Trinitie.

Praie for all estates.

Take hede in tyme, and note this well,
Be ruled alwaies by councell.

Learne of the just to leade thy life
Being free from envie, wrath, and strife,
Presumption, pride, and covetousnesse,
With all other ungodlinesse.

Learne of them alwayes to obey
The Lordes preceptes, from daye to daye,
That thou maiest walke as he doth wyll,
And labour thy fonde affectes to kill.

Alwayes subdue thy beastly luste,
And in the Lorde put hope and truste ;
Bridle thine inclination
By godly conversation.

The counsell of the wyse embrace,
The fooles advise doe then deface.
Whiche fast and praie with good delight,
That Adam may be killed quite.

That joy in us may still encrease,
That God, the Lorde, may give us peace,
That we may be content with Truste
To have our crowne among the just.

Imprinted at London, in Paules Churcheyarde, at the signe of
the Lucrece, by Thomas Purfoote.

FINIS.

VARIOUS READINGS AND CORRECTIONS.

P. 4, *l.* 21. Some men—*l.* 25. As luste with the luster—*l.* 27. So treasure.—*P.* 5, *l.* 4. You shall—*l.* 14. Hay howe—*l.* 18. Cocke Lorrels, (*the text is incorrect*)—*l.* 27. Pleasant youth.—*P.* 8, *l.* 16. Thou that Lust.—*P.* 9, *l.* 5. Resemble Hybra—*l.* 27. The might—*l.* 29. Howe in.—*P.* 10, *l.* 4. Come in—*l.* 9. Even within.—*P.* 11, *l.* 4. Braggingly—*l.* 20. The swearde—*l.* 23. What should suche.—*P.* 13, *l.* 29. You unto them.—*P.* 14, *l.* 3. *This is a Song*—*l.* 25. Yes, so lo.—*P.* 15, *l.* 2. Also of—*l.* 20. *After this, read a line*, “But howe he is bowed by me, Inclination.”—*P.* 16, *l.* 1. And to clawe—*l.* 9. Pestilens witty—*l.* 11. Art not erected—*l.* 13. *This is spoken by Lust; l. 17 by Inclination; l. 21 by Luste; l. 22 by Inclination; l. 25 by Sturdiness; l. 26 by Inclination; l. 27 by Elation; l. 28 by Inclination, and from line 29 is a Song.* [A transcript, in the King’s Library, British Museum, has these speeches all assigned to Greedy-gut, as in our text]. *P.* 17, *l.* 16. *Marginal direction*, “Go out all foure.”—*l.* 19. *This is spoken by Sturdiness*—*l.* 21. As other.—*P.* 18, *l.* 16. Of Musonus, also I.—*P.* 19, *l.* 20. But Lust is lusty, and full of porridge—*l.* 22. When here.—*P.* 20, *l.* 2. No remedy; with you we.—*P.* 23, *l.* 4. One dome—*l.* 5. Incontinente—*l.* 9. Chill runne.—*P.* 24, *l.* 23.

This speech is not assigned to Inclination in the original.—
P. 26, l. 14. And sendest—l. 21. For his, as.—P. 28, l. 20.
Worthy pere—l. 24. Tarquinius—l. 25. Heliogabolos.—
P. 29, l. 1. Cancar—l. 24. After this line, add, “Adde
vertue evermore to your honorable name.”—l. 28. Good
succes—l. 30. Vocation.—P. 30, l. 11. Feare ye not.—P. 31,
l. 5. Thou ren—l. 20. Now I—l. 25. Into.—P. 32, l. 19.
So most—l. 27. Othea.—P. 33, l. 23. Happy eaies.—P. 34,
l. 12. Proceade.—P. 39, l. 29. Shall have.—P. 40, l. 16.
To duste.



Werner

Percy Society

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